

# Sports Illustrated

APRIL 17, 1978

ONE DOLLAR

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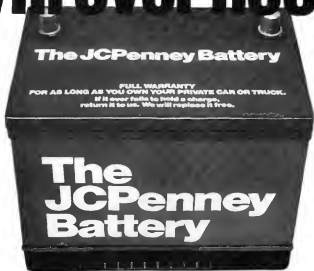
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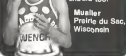
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## LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

In the excerpt from his new book *Running & Being*, which begins on page 78, and in his other writings, marathoner-cardiologist George Sheehan bares his soul (usually stressing its connections to his 59-year-old body) with disarming shamelessness. Indeed, Dr. Sheehan, though he behaves in a perfectly sensible manner, has picked up a reputation for eccentricity. He wears corduroy trousers, turtle-neck sweaters and running shoes no matter where he is or what the occasion, having concluded that such clothes are cheap, healthy and comfortable. He blandly prescribes beer as a restorative after races. He says a brisk rub with a dry towel after a run is the equivalent of a hot shower, because odiferous sweat is a result of nerves, not honest exercise. Most shameless of all, Sheehan is not content to carry on his experiments quietly. "No," says his oldest daughter, Mary Jane Kroon. "He writes about all those scandals. There is very little gossip about my father that he hasn't published himself."

Sheehan's grandest eccentricity is his family. Together with Mary Jane Fleming Sheehan, an elegant, forgiving and superbly organized woman, Sheehan has raised 12 children. Mary Jane, 33, who has an M.A. from Harvard, her twin George Jr., who graduated from Manhattan, Tim, 31, who has his Ph.D. in education from Johns Hopkins, Ann, 29, who took a master's from Smith and is a social worker at Montefiore Hospital in New York, Nora, 27, who graduated from New York University, is a book designer and did the drawings for her father's new book; Sarah, 25, who graduated from Wheelock College in Boston, teaches special education and on Monday will become the first female Sheehan to run the Boston Marathon; Peter, 23, who attended Antioch College in Ohio and is now studying at New York's Downstate Medical college; Andrew, 22, who is majoring in English at Columbia; John, 21, the family's entrepreneur, who owns and trains harness horses; Stephen, 19, who attends Carlton University in Ottawa; Monica, 18, who will enter art school in the fall; and Michael, 16, a

junior in high school. Eight of the 12 children ran.

Obviously, if Sheehan can get a sentence through a dinner-table conversation unscathed, it is ready for publication. "We've heard everything he's said over and over," says George Jr. "We can be forgiven for being a little jaded. He quotes from other sources so much that when he comes up with a good original line everybody says, 'Who did you steal that from?'"

Last week, when spring weather arrived in his hometown of Red Bank, N.J., Sheehan was seen running through the 70° sunshine wearing wool mittens, stocking cap and long underwear—an attempt to acclimatize to possible hot weather in Boston on marathon day. "He has more ego than he lets on," says George Jr. "He tries to play down his competitiveness, but if he gets beaten by someone in his age-group, that's all he talks about the whole night." There is a touch of the adversary relationship in Sheehan's medicine as well. The cardiologist's refrain is, "What do I do?" he says at sports-medicine seminars. "Surgeons say, 'What have I done?' What have I done?"

Regardless of season, Sheehan continues his imprecise application of logic to running. This winter he finally figured out how to hold his arms. "We are descended from quadrupeds, right?" he says. "Well, then it's inescapable. We should dog-paddle when we run." He swears that flapping his wrists in front of him during the last mile of a race in Central Park allowed him to withstand the late charge of his old nemesis, Nina Kusick. "I thought there was something drastically wrong with him," Kusick said afterward. "I didn't want to come any closer."

In all of Sheehan's musing on the elevating nature of the vigorous life, thoughts of his great, humbling family are never far from his mind. "Anatomists are people who search for truth on other people's money," he says. "I still have five of them at home."

*Sack Meyer*

# Sports Illustrated

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- ☐ 4103 Chris Evert
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## Footloose

by JIM KAPLAN

TENNIWALL MAY SOUND TOO, TOO PITTY-PAT, BUT THE ANGLE GUYS PLAY IT BEST

There is much more to the tennis boom than tennis. A whole host of racket sports—in particular squash, racquetball and platform tennis—have been swept along by the tennis tide, and others may be on the way. The 1980s could produce racket games we have not yet dreamed of. Indeed, several arcane offshoots, such as tetherball and Trac-Ball, already have their ardent supporters.

Which is by way of introduction to a revelatory walk I took not long ago through John Jay Park on Manhattan's Upper East Side. Playing basketball here and one-wall paddleball there was the usual all-ages crowd: blacks, Hispanics, Orientals, Italians, Irish, Jews, perhaps even a stray WASP. On an interior paddleball court, I saw some people hitting a ball against a wall with tennis rackets. Well, sure, I thought, they're warming up for tennis. But what's this? There were lines drawn on the pavement and on the wall, and they were competing! Meet tennwall.

Devised in 1949 by a tennis, squash and handball instructor named Lyman Appleby, tennwall incorporates elements of all three of those sports. And it is easy to pick up, as I learned when the accommodating John Jay crowd let me play a game. After the briefest rules presentation, I took the court against Maurice Kunstenaar, a 50-year-old Argentinian-born businessman. Kunstenaar stood in front of a line 34 feet from a handball wall, bounced a regulation racquetball and hit it with his tennis racket so it struck the wall above a horizontal service line eight feet up. It came to me on a bounce, and I played it directly to the wall, striking it above a three-foot net line. The rally took quite some time, with Kunstenaar moving me from side to side and finally winning the point on an angled drop shot that bounced twice before I could reach it. Soon I began to get the feel, moving up to volley, chasing down the high-bouncing ball, trying an occasional drop shot. I sometimes fell victim to my own impotence, attempting put-aways when I should have been rallying. The toughest adjustment was trying to get the jump on the angles; it was difficult to visualize how the ball would come off the wall. But Kunstenaar won only 15-10, mine was a humbling but by no means humiliating initiation. Had I not been so wounded, I might have asked for another game.

Like squash, tennwall is played to 15 points (with a 2-of-3 tie breaker at 14-11). Like handball, it is a great game for useless retrievers, though the best players use uncanny

*continued*



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## FOOTLOOSE continued

placements. The strokes are not unlike those in tennis, although a bit wackier. Who knows? Perhaps someday tennis elbow may give way to tennisitis!

"I wanted this game for the vast numbers of people who don't have the money, ability or aptitude for tennis," says Appleby, a New Yorker who at 70 is still spry enough to leap over a tennis net. "I originally called it wall tennis and we used tennis balls, but I found that tennis balls wear out quickly and can't be used in bad weather. Now we play all year with rubber balls or racquetballs. Racquetballs are official for tenniswall at this time. However, I have applied for permission to make an inflatable ball called the Z-ball, now used in racquetball, official. The game is good training for tennis because it helps your footwork, your endurance and your timing. You're supposed to serve high—above that eight-foot line—after bouncing the ball no higher than your shoulders before you hit it. I sometimes let tennis-oriented people use tennis balls, serve overhead and hit all their shots in the five-foot space between the net and the service lines."

The game involves plenty of running, because the court is roomy. The John Jay participants use a 24' x 16' hardball wall, with the baseline 44 feet back. "It's more exercise than tennis," says Filipino Victor Naguit, 26, the current champion. "A single game can last 45 minutes," Kusunenaga says. "The rallies are usually quite long. Sometimes you move a guy back and forth and he'll try a difficult shot to get out of the predicament. Then he gets in trouble." Added Appleby, "It's best to hit the ball flat. Topspin shots tend to come up on you. My best shots were soft ones to the corner. People used to say, 'That's not skill, that's feebleness.'"

The sport began slowly and might never have become established except for avianance from an unexpected quarter. Early one morning Appleby went out to John Jay and chalked in tenniswall lines. "Later, workmen came out and assumed they were supposed to paint permanent lines on top of the chalk," says Appleby. Even now he chalks the three-foot net line on top of the painted line as a means of determining if a disputed ball has been hit too low. If a shot is challenged, the ball is examined. Find chalk on it, the challenger wins the point. No chalk, he loses it.

In recent years the game has begun to spread. "I wrote an article in Tennis magazine a couple of years ago," Appleby says, "and got about 200 queries. The places I heard from—schools, Ys, military installations all over the country—were very encouraging. You see, you don't need a handball court for tenniswall. You can map out a court on a wall or the inside of a gymnasium."

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# SCORECARD

Edited by JOHN PAPANES

## WAY OFF COURSE

Anyone who has been around tournament golf much knows that it is a sport you listen to as much as watch. The best place to listen is the players' locker room, if you happen to be a journalist entrusted with the job of trying to make reports on a tournament as accurate, interesting and colorful as possible. Well, everyone seems to know this except William H. Lane, the new chairman of the Masters, and Will Grimsley of the Associated Press, the president of the Golf Writers Association of America. Lane and Grimsley got together last week and berated the press from the locker room for more than half of each tournament day. No journalist was permitted in the locker room until the last pairing had teed off.

This is one of the few mistakes the Masters organizers have ever made and the sort of thing that would not have happened if Clifford Roberts were still alive.

Lane apparently thought he was doing the golfers a favor. A few have always wanted to bar the press from life itself. The great players, however, have never complained about the press watching them tie their shoes, eat their eggs, deal with their nerves and trade banter. If anything, they have enjoyed the attention of journalists.

Many members of the press at Augusta last week agreed that Grimsley should have fought vigorously against Lane's idea rather than agreeing to its implementation on a trial basis. "The Masters is one of the most difficult tournaments in the world to cover," said Dave Anderson of *The New York Times*, "and this just makes it more difficult." And a disgruntled Marino Parascenzo of the *Pittsburgh Post-Gazette*, confronted with an empty locker room, resorted to interviewing Tom Watson's shoes. "If they hadn't spoken up I wouldn't have known whose they were," he said.

However, one writer, our own dauntless Dan Jenkins, seemed to feel that Lane and Grimsley had done the world

a good deed. "It's a step in the right direction," he said. "Next, they should bar us from the course and the final result. Then we can make up our own winners."

## NO RESPECT

If you still fail to appreciate the sports-writer's burden, consider these sad tales:

Dave Heberle, an outdoors writer for the *Erie, Pa. Times*, wrote in an April 2 column that the monofilament line used by trout fishermen had been banned in three states because a "Dr. Ayper Iflu" found that it caused cancer in brook trout. "I thought people would get it," said Heberle. Heberle got the ax.

Then there was the case of Bill Livingston, pro basketball writer for the *Philadelphia Inquirer*, who was waiting to enter the 76ers locker room after a game in San Antonio. When a TV cameraman was allowed in and Livingston was not, Livingston took issue with the policeman guarding the door and wound up wearing a set of handcuffs. When the cuffs were finally removed (no charges were pressed), 76er Coach Billy Cunningham told Livingston, "I wouldn't have bailed you out." Which is exactly the kind of respect a writer expects from a coach.

Ah, but last Saturday at the University of Kentucky spring football game, the sportswriters were the coaches, and the coach, Fran Curci, covered the game for the *Lexington Herald-Curci* was thrown out of the locker room before the game, and afterward had to wait 20 minutes to interview losing coach D. G. FitzMaurice of the *Louisville Courier-Journal*. "When FitzMaurice finally came out," said Curci, "He gave all kinds of stock coach's answers. I couldn't break him."

## STARLETES

Will L.A. Rams owner Carroll Rosenbloom never stop coveting his neighbors' chattels? First he dumped his old team, the Colts and bought the Rams. Then he hooked someone else's Super Bowl quarterback, Joe Namath, and someone else's coach, George Allen. And now he en-

vies someone else's cheerleaders, Dallas'. Rosenbloom will not entice the Cowgirls to Los Angeles, just outflush them. So he has hired David Marsh, the man who discovered Farrah Fawcett-Majors, to round up a pulchritudinous squad selected from Hollywood's ample supply. All that's needed is a name for the group. Somehow, "the Ewes" doesn't make it.

## BIOMG BUCKEYE

Senator William Proxmire (D., Wis.), the self-appointed watchdog of wasteful federal spending, took a blast the other day at Ohio State. It seems that OSU has developed a two-foot-tall, 200-pound, six-legged robot known as "The Biome Bug" at a cost of \$405,000 to the nation's taxpayers. Though the Bug is being used for various kinds of research, in Proxmire's view it is worthless, and he suggests it be put to work in Woody Hayes' backfield.



"Wouldn't Coach Hayes love to get this solidly built 200-pounder with six legs out of the laboratory and onto the gridiron," said Proxmire. "This new Buckeye would fit perfectly into Ohio State's supremely boring style of play. It walks at a rate of five inches per second, which translates into a 12-minute 100-yard dash. And since the Bug travels 10 yards at a time (it is limited to that distance by its electrical umbilical cord), it would be assured of a first down every time its signal was called. It could convert Ohio State's great tradition of 'three yards and a cloud of dust' into '10 yards and a cloud of rust.'"

continued

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| Cutlass Salon Coupe | \$4715* | 231 CID 6 cyl., automatic* | 27-19-22                                | 37.9                            | 42.8                           | 56.8                                | 38.2                           | 35.1                          | 55.7                               | 16.1  |
| Audi Fox 849        | \$6170* | 97 CID 4 cyl., automatic*  | 29-20-23                                | 37.6                            | 40.9                           | 53.9                                | 37.3                           | 31.7                          | 53.3                               | 10.7  |
| VW Dasher 3243/83   | \$6024* | 97 CID 4 cyl., automatic*  | 29-20-23                                | 37.6                            | 40.9                           | 53.9                                | 37.0                           | 30.5                          | 53.3                               | 18.4  |

\*Manufacturers' suggested retail prices for models shown equipped with automatic transmission, including dealer prep; specific features will vary, car to car. Cal. MSRP are: Salon, \$4790; Fox, \$6280; Dasher, \$6109. Taxes, license, destination charges and other available equipment additional. Salons are equipped with GM-built engines from various divisions. See your dealer for details.

†Source: 1978 EPA data. Mileage figures are from the EPA Federal Buyer's Guide and are estimates: your mileage will vary with how and where you drive, your car's condition and equipment. Cal. EPA highway-city-combined estimates are: Salon, 23-16-18; Fox, 30-22-25; Dasher, 30-22-25.

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William V. Merriman, Ohio State's director of communications, says that the Bug has a number of valuable uses, including helping in the development of artificial joints for humans. "Though it does resemble some of our fullbacks. Anyway, I can well see why our football is supremely boring to a senator from Wisconsin, considering that Wisconsin is 1-24-2 against Woody."

#### YAWN AND YAWN

Now that hockey and pro basketball have progressed from their regular seasons into interminable playoffs, only the strong, the near-strong, the not-so-strong and a few of the feeble survive. While the NBA, with merely 12 of its 22 teams having qualified, may provide considerably fewer than a thrill a minute until June, its folly pales beside that of the 18-team NHL. Four of the hockey league's 12 playoff qualifiers have sub-500 records and one, Colorado, won only 19 of 80 games. On the night the Rangers clinched a berth, they lost their fourth straight game and wound up the season losing five of six.

Certainly it is heartwarming that the Colorado Rockies and the Atlanta Hawks have a shot at winning the NHL and NBA championships, despite percentages of .369 and .500, respectively. But if good feelings are what the two leagues want to promote, they ought to consider letting generosity run rampant next year by letting everybody take part in the playoffs.

#### MEDIC-CARE

When Doc Medich, the surgeon who also pitches for the Rangers, retires, his contract calls for Texas to pay him \$50,000 a year for four years as a medical consultant to the team.

But will he make clubhouse calls?

#### SKI WARS

When it was announced recently that the Aspen Skiing Corporation, which for 30 years has been owned by rugged individualists, was about to be purchased by Twentieth Century-Fox, it immediately became clear that Fox' motives for investing in Aspen are profoundly different from those of the hardy souls who in 1946 began turning the seedy mining town into a ski resort.

As Aspen President D.R.C. (Darcy) Brown recalls, "Heck, I put in a few thousand dollars back then, because I was

tired of walking up the hill." Fox, newly flush with a projected \$200 million in earnings from Star Wars, is taking over Aspen—at a price of about \$48.6 million—as a solid investment to balance off the feast-or-famine profit patterns of the movie business. In Aspen, Fox will own one of America's most popular ski resorts, one that has produced profits in 29 of the last 30 years.

The announcement of the impending sale brought varied reactions from Aspen residents. Some feel that wealthy Fox will roll back season-pass fees, which the Corporation raised last season, but that seems unlikely. Says Fox executive Philip Myers, "We know nothing about skiing, and we are going to let the Aspen Skiing Corporation run the mountains as it did before." Other townspeople are disturbed by rumors that Fox is buying up acreage at the foot of the mountain, with the intent of building some sort of plastic Star Wars theme park. "Absolutely not," retorts Myers. "We are buying nothing but the mountains."

For the moment at least, the principals on both sides of the deal insist that the status quo at Aspen will prevail. Depending, of course, upon the whims of The Force.

#### WHO WON?

The A's opened their home schedule earlier this week in Oakland, not Denver. But they might as well have played out of town. Aside from those in the park, only people within three or four miles of the University of California campus with FM radios were able to "catch all the exciting action." That is because Charlie Finley "sold" radio rights for the first 16 A's games to KALX-FM, a 10-watt student-operated station in Berkeley. Larry Baer, a 20-year-old junior political science major, is handling the play-by-play. Station officials refuse to discuss the financial arrangement, but sources say that the crafty Finley negotiated a contract that runs to two figures.

#### HOW NOW?

Meanwhile, in Atlanta, the baseball season nearly began for the first time in a decade without Chief Noc-A-Homa in his teepee behind the leftfield fence. The chief, whose real name is Levi Walker, had quit the Braves when they refused to raise his pay from \$50 to \$100 per game. However, he agreed to stay on after the Braves made him cozier than ever

They got him a carpet cleaning and a color TV for his teepee, two new costumes, a personal booking agent and an Indian princess. Pok-A-Homa—to keep him company.

#### OUCH!

A simple handshake left an unsuspecting wrestler and his team wining in pain recently. It happened at the Presidents' Athletic Conference tournament in Bethany, W. Va. when Bob Daschbach of Washington & Jefferson shook the hand of Allegheny College's Dennis McGraw before their 118-pound final. Daschbach yanked McGraw's arm so hard that he stretched a nerve in McGraw's neck. The meet doctor advised McGraw not to compete, and a 15-minute consultation between coaches and officials ensued. Finally, the referee, who felt he could not disqualify Daschbach because the incident did not occur during the match, raised his hand in victory.

The crowd bood and Allegheny Coach Ken Levels argued that the rules against "flagrant misconduct" covered the situation. The tournament committee decided to appeal to the NCAA. The next day a call was placed to Wilfred Chassey, chairman of the Division III wrestling committee. Saying he'd never encountered anything like this before, Chassey threw the decision back to the PAC, claiming that if he made a ruling, "the NCAA would be setting a precedent." The PAC athletic directors then huddled and determined that Daschbach would be 118-pound champion after all. The ruling cost Allegheny a third-place finish and gave it to Washington & Jefferson.

#### THEY SAID IT

- Lon Simmons, San Francisco Giants announcer, on receiving critical letters: "I don't mind hate mail, but when a letter comes to the station addressed 'Jerk, KSFO, San Francisco,' and I get it, then I start to worry."
- Oriole Jim Palmer, asked when his sore shoulder would be well enough for him to pitch: "I don't know. You never know with these psychosomatic injuries. You have to take your time with them."
- Ted Turner, Atlanta Braves owner, on his team's prospects: "We're on our way to the World Series, really we are. Well, maybe not this year, but soon. Nobody ever heard of other great teams before they became great."

END



# Tennis Fashion '78



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*Hubert Green's bid to force a playoff failed when his short birdie putt at the 13th hole slid off a*

# AND THEN THERE



the right, while Tom Watson's charge went pfft as he hit into the gallery twice on the 18th and made a bogey. Rod Fensholt missed by one stroke, too.

# WAS ONE

And that was Gary Player, who won his third Masters by shooting a splendid final-round 64 and then watched as, one by one, his challengers came up short

by DAN JENKINS

CONTINUED

For a long while last week the Masters Tournament sat quietly and drearily under strange clouds of pollen that turned everything from golf shoes to rent cars the color of oatmeal instead of wisteria. But if there were those who wondered if the event would ever get out from under its cloud, they were obviously unfamiliar with Masters Sundays. Once again, the classic exploded like a Confederate arsenal—as it usually does, as the back nine holes of the Augusta National course are designed for it to do. And when the smoke had cleared on Sunday it was utterly amazing to realize that Gary Player had practically leaped out of an antique photo album to win.

What Player did was come from South Africa, middle age, seven strokes behind and 10th place to take the title away in a single afternoon when, starting off the day, he might have been among the last guys you would ever have wanted to own in the office pool. Gary did it with a flaming 64, eight under par, that enabled him to finish the tournament with an 11-under-par 277 and win a wild battle by one stroke over defending champion Tom Watson, Hubert Green and Rod Funseth. But while there were some magnificent shots strack out there among the pines and ponds and shadows, it looked much of the time like the world's greatest game of miniature golf.

On this occasion, in other words, the Masters' climactic insanity was more or less a Putt-Putt championship. Player came roaring down the stretch, holing everything but his ball marker, and then he settled back to watch a horror movie on television starring Watson, Green and Funseth. That he won it sitting down was perhaps proper. In the end, after all the suspense, there was nobody left in town but heart patients.

In truth, for Gary's record-tying 64 to be more than just another statistic, Watson and Green had to miss some putts that were inside the grip of a hairbrush. It may be some consolation to them that it can be said that they proved to golfers everywhere that there is really no such thing as a gimme.

To get history out of the way, it was Player's third Masters jacket and his ninth major championship, including

three British Opens (1959, 1968 and 1974), a U.S. Open (1965) and two National PGAs (1962 and 1972). He had won the Masters in 1961 and in 1974, and he won his first the same way he won last week's. He finished early and watched on TV as Arnold Palmer double-bogeyed the final hole.

Nevertheless, it was a spectacular victory, and it was surely a reminder of what an incredible fellow the 41-year-old Player is. He will fall down, come out of his shoes, hit on the run and turn the golf swing into something that could more closely be identified with tennis or baseball. But he works hard and outtravels Attila the Hun, and there has never been a tougher competitor. Player doesn't give up when he is on his way to a 76 any quicker than he gives up on a round headed for 64. And it is impossible not to be delighted to see this kind of tenacity rewarded, as it was in the 42nd Masters.

As Player rammed in his closing birdie from 15 feet above the cup on the 18th green, clenched his fist and punched old immortality in the ribs again, and then fell into the arms of his black caddie—well, folks, that was a moment for everyone in sports to rejoice over, whether Player would win or not. That was a fighter, that was a true sportsman, and—Good Lord—that was emotional.

Naturally, there are going to be those who will want to say that this was the most thrilling finish of any Masters. If you're discussing drama, O.K., put it up there with last year when Watson outduelled Jack Nicklaus. And put it up there with 1975 when Nicklaus outduelled Tom Wenskopf and Johnny Miller. But this one lacked the quality of those tournaments, because it demanded failure by Player's adversaries, while the '75 and '77 Masters produced brilliant shots followed by more of the same.

For example, the only way Green could have lost the tournament was by hitting a second shot into the water on the 11th hole, and then by three-putting the 16th, and then by blowing a three-footer for a birdie on the last green. Had Hubie made that putt, which was straight in and flat, the Masters would have gone into its first sudden-death overtime, starting on the first hole, which would have

forced CBS-TV to throw more new swatches than you can find on the control panel of a 747.

Nicely enough, Hubie refused to blame the golden-throated radio broadcaster who may have cost him the green jacket. Green had to step away from his final putt because he was distracted by the voice of Jim Kelly describing the action for CBS Radio. Hubie looked at him and grinned, settled over the putt again—and blew it across the right hip.

"I've known Jim a long time, and he's a friend of mine," Hubie said. "I know





*Victory was not his when Player, an early starter, strode jubilantly off the 18th green embracing caddy Eddie McCoy, but it would be within the hour.*

he feels bad, but I still should have made the putt. He was doing his job, and I was doing mine." Green shot a 72 on Sunday, and that was just what he needed to shoot to give anyone else a chance. He had begun the day with a three-stroke lead over Watson and Funseth after ripping the place apart on Saturday with a 65 that was, in its own way, as epic as Player's closing 64.

On Saturday, Hubert ate the flagsticks for dessert with a brazen display of iron shots. Even when the soft and slow lay-out tried to fight him back, he whipped

it. The big moment of his round came at the par-5 15th where a poor drive forced him to lay up. Green just took out his trusty wedge and shot right at the pin over the water and got his birdie anyhow.

Like Green, Watson lost it on the greens. Forgetting about all of the little putts he missed earlier in the tournament—two-footers and three-footers for pars here and there—it was going to be the Watson destiny to suffer a hallucinating three-putt from only six feet away at the 14th hole on Sunday. Six feet. Tied for the lead at the time. Fresh from a co-

lossal eight-iron shot into the Poinciana. Fresh from an eagle three at the 13th. And looking for all the world like a man getting ready to end the madness.

The 14th green, however, was one of the very few on the course with a slick area. These weren't normal Augusta greens, and now it was Watson's turn to lose his momentum. He just touched the putt, wanting to let it take a delicate left-hand curve and settle either in the cup or near it. The ball drifted two feet past, and then Watson totally missed the break and rolled the next putt to the right of

*continued*



Before his 64, Player had his misadventures, including a shot that ended up in Ree's Creek on Friday

#### THE MASTERS continued

the cup for a bogey from precisely the same spot where Funseth would do the same thing a few moments later.

Watson fought back to tie for the lead with birdies at the 15th and the 16th, and he still could have forced a playoff by making a par 4 at the last hole. It wasn't to be. Watson not only drove poorly—with a hooked three-wood off the tee—but he also probably chose to play an unwise second shot. He put his approach in the worst spot you could dream up, if what you wanted to make was a four. About 50 feet left of the green, below a slope, impossible to get close. Inventing a shot, he banged the ball onto the green with his putter. But his 10-foot putt for a par was another one of those evil things you can face at Augusta. You would bet your life that the putt breaks slightly left, and once in a while it does. Watson's, though, stayed a hair to the right of the cup, in much the same way that Tom Weiskopf's did in '75 when he needed it to tie Nicklaus.

The third runner-up was Funseth. He wouldn't go away. He had been tied for the 36-hole lead with Lee Trevino, but you figured he would do what he does best: play along silently, collect his \$10,000 for seventh place and be happy about it. But Funseth was tied for second with Watson after 54 and within striking distance of Green.

Funseth played well Sunday, and he hung in after the bogey at 14 removed him from a four-way tie for the lead that seemed, momentarily at least, like it had

all the tangy ingredients for a Masters swatfest. Finally, Funseth had the same putt for a tie on the 18th green that Player had sunk. He gave it just as good a roll, and he missed it the cruelest way possible: by the width of a moth's eyelash.

Player saw a lot of this on television, having teed off 40 minutes ahead of the logical contenders. Through nine holes he was still five shots away from the lead, much less the jacket, but that's when the Masters always catches fire—on the back nine, where five water holes and a considerable amount of history can drive a man to shoot a 30 or a 40. This time Player shot a 30.

Here's how. He hit a five-iron onto the 10th green and dropped a 25-foot putt for a birdie; he hit a seven-iron to the dangerous 12th and made a 15-footer for a birdie; he fell down lunging at a four-iron on the par-5 13th but the shot settled on the green only 15 feet from the pin, and he two-putted for a birdie; he fell down gouging at a three-wood on the par-5 15th but got it to the green and two-putted from 80 feet for a birdie; he dropped a treacherous 15-foot downhill runner for a birdie at 16; and then he struck that six-iron to the 18th and rattled the cup with a 15-foot birdie putt. Rather alarmingly, it could have been a 28. A chip shot on the 11th hole spun out, and Player's eagle putt at the 13th could easily have dropped.

Not many people envision winning golf tournaments when they are as far back as Player was—seven shots behind

Green following scores of 72, 72 and 69—with only one round remaining. "One of the things I am is an eternal optimist," Player said. "I was playing excellent golf, and I hadn't made any putts. But you have to keep on aiming at them."

Player had recently changed his putting technique from what it had always been—a jab—to more of a stroke. And he was pretty well rested up after having taken three months off from his grueling travels about the globe. Player is usually 33 hours in the air from just about anywhere he needs to go.

In that regard, Nicklaus, who was supposed to win this Masters between dinner courses, stayed roughly 33 hours out of it nearly all the way. He did fire a final-round 67 that caused mild excitement among his followers, but it only drew him into a seventh-place finish. Nicklaus was never in the tournament, perhaps for the same reason that so many less renowned people were in it. The slow greens. And no wind for the last three rounds.

Jack said the greens were "membership speed." And when you added the absence of any breeze, except the occasion-



Nicklaus complained the greens were too slow

al puffs that made the pollen cover you with two coats of paint, that made it possible for all sorts of Funseths, John Schlee, Wally Armstrongs, Joe Innans and even Lee Trevinos to jump onto the leader board. Schlee led the tournament with a 68 on Thursday, and Trevino, with his bad back, a newly developed hook and a hatred for the course, was a co-leader with Funseth after 36. A triple bogey on the fifth hole on Saturday, which resulted from an overzealous three-iron shot and some lousy bunker play, took Trevino out of it. But by then the Augusta National was known to be a "piece of cake," as Nicklaus put it. Fast and hard greens, in other words, separate golfing heroes from pretenders.

Nicklaus was depressed about the slow greens and wondered why the Masters executives didn't scalp them to give them more speed. In the old days it was never a problem. They were all rye grass, so they would be shaved down to a surface resembling entrance-hall marble, and then they would burn up and grow back again. Now the greens are not pure rye, because the club wants to save them for the members, although the course is always closed for the summer in mid-May.

Meanwhile, there was the pollen—in this case a yellow fertilizing dust from the cones of pine trees. It comes from the male structure of the cones. Of course, you knew that. Mainly, what it does is choke everybody to death and turn contact lenses into cocktail peanuts. The pollen was a weird sight at the Masters, but no more weird than all of those tiny putts that didn't even bruise the cups. Mostly they were missed out of frustration from the inconsistency of the speeds. Although most of the greens were astonishingly slow, three or four of them had swift spots, and with their texture adding new dimensions to the breaks that Masters veterans had memorized, they created doubt and confusion in the minds of players like Watson and Nicklaus. Jack's putting trouble surely eroded the rest of his game. Until Sunday he did not strike very many good shots. Watson and Green did, all the way, but, except in streaks, they weren't rewarded with birdies.

Ultimately, their hearts were torn out by putts you consistently knock away with the backside of your putter. "I'll think about the 14th greens for a while,"

Watson said. "I hit a good putt that didn't go in and a bad putt that didn't come close."

Green did something else. While Player sat and relived what must have been the sweetest victory of his career—having now won major championships almost 20 years apart—Hubert got his putter and some balls and went back out to the 18th green as darkness was hovering over the Augusta National course like the pollen once had.

Six times Green putted for his birdie again from the same spot, which was less

than three feet from the cup. Five times he made the putt—right in the throat.

Somebody said, "Want to go get Gary and start the sudden death, Hubert?"

He grinned as he had at the noise that had broken his concentration when it counted.

"Naw," Hubert said. "Gary's the guy who played good enough to win it. I'm the guy who played just good enough to blow it."

In that respect, it was just like any other tournament. But Gary Player had made it a Masters like none other. **END**



*Trevino and Fats Crawford are doubled up here but Saturday's triple bogey at the fifth ruined them*

# THANK HEAVEN FOR LITTLE GIRLS

*Fifteen-year-old Tracy Caulkins set five U.S. records and along with the rest of the gang sent East Germany a message*

by J. D. REED



*Tracy was a tiger in her specialty, the breaststroke, smashing records in the 100 and 200 at Austin*

Fifteen-year-old Tracy Caulkins, a Nashville ninth-grader, carried a small bouquet of yellow roses as she walked behind the grandstand at the University of Texas' Olympic Swimming Center in Austin one night last week. Greg Jagenburg, the 21-year-old butterfly specialist from Long Beach State, stopped her. "Hey, Tracy," he said, "I didn't see your race. How did you do?"

"Oh," she replied. "I only got a 14." That meant a 2:14.07, an American record in the 200-yard breaststroke. Jagenburg smacked himself on the head. "A 14? You women are amazing. Each time you get in the pool you drop a record, and you complain. You're unbelievable."

Indeed they are. When it was all over Saturday night at the AAU National Short Course Championships, Tracy had led America's talented young women swimmers to U.S. records in each of the dozen individual events: Tracy had five herself, including a 1:59.33 in the 200-yard individual medley. That made her the first woman to swim this event in less than two minutes. More important, the U.S. women now seem capable of

challenging the powerful East Germans, who won 11 of 13 Olympic gold medals in 1976.

After taking the 200-yard backstroke in 1:57.79, more than a second under the previous record, Linda Jezek, who at 18 is the oldest of the new breed, said, "We're tired of hearing about how great the East Germans are. We're pointed at being the best swimmers in the world."

The best of the bunch is undeniably Tracy Caulkins, who now holds nine U.S. records. Out of the water, the tall (5' 8") and slender (116 pounds) Tracy has all the characteristics of an adolescent, from her braces to her tendency to bump into things. But when she took the starting block in Austin, wearing her racing goggles, her skintight racing suit and her rubber cap marked NAC (for Nashville Aquatic Club), she had the cool and confident look of a world-beater.

Before the meet, Tracy's coach, Paul Bergen, said, "Her times in 12 events are lower than the qualifying times here. The rules say she may swim only four individual events, but I think she could win all 12 if she put her mind to it."

On Wednesday night, during the first session of the four-day meet, Tracy swam a record 1:02.20 in the 100 breaststroke, her specialty, surpassing her record of 1:03.06. Like most of the new teen stars in women's swimming, Tracy is undemonstrative. There's no squinting or tears over a record. "Coach Bergen and I thought I might be able to break a minute," she said, "but it just wasn't there. We'll make it soon, I think."

The next night Tracy slashed five seconds off her record in the 400 individual medley with a 4:11.38. She was pursued closely through the opening backstroke and butterfly legs by her 18-year-old teammate Joan Pennington—who finished 1½ seconds back—but turning into the breaststroke leg, Tracy pulled away and finished with a strong freestyle. Says Bergen, "Tracy has starts like Kornelia Ender [the retired East German gold medalist] and superb turns, which on the short course, where a third of the race is underwater, is the name of the game."

Friday's 2:14.07 that had so amazed Greg Jagenburg was a personal victory for Tracy, who in January had lost the



U.S. Open record in the 200 breaststroke to Julia Bogdanova of the U.S.S.R. She was delighted with her new record, two seconds lower than Bogdanova's mark. "Sometimes I race the clock and sometimes the field," Tracy said. "This time I was racing that old record. I wanted it back." Saturday night, she broke her fourth record, with a 1:59.33 in the 200 individual medley.

Quiet, except when she's around girls her own age, Tracy once asked a teacher at Nashville's Harpeth Hall Academy not to put her press clippings on the bulletin board. She didn't like the attention. "Tracy really doesn't believe that she's done anything yet that's worth getting excited about," says her father Tom, a school administrator. "She never says much about swimming." "She's subtle," says Bergen. "I've been with her three years, and I'm just learning to tell when she's up and when she's down."

Tracy began swimming at eight. By the age of 11, she was setting age-group records, and at the '77 AAU Indoor Nationals, she began winning big in open

competition. "When I first got to the Nationals, I wondered what I was doing with all these big-time swimmers I'd heard about," she says. "Then, I don't know, I just sort of decided I'd like to win." So she went out and did just that, breaking three American records.

Tracy does all the usual hard work in a demanding sport. She is up at 5 a.m. six days a week to swim eight to 10 miles. And like most of her swimming friends she is following the East German example by lifting weights three times a week. She also does reasonably well in school, preferring English to math and science.

Tracy's record times at Austin were also partly the result of a "dumb" accident. Last October, while fooling around with some other kids on a porch swing, she broke her right leg. After wearing a plaster cast for three weeks, she was fitted with a ventilated fiber-glass model and went back in the water. "She couldn't use her legs," says her father, "so she swam for six weeks with her arms and shoulders. It made her incredibly strong. That consequently made her but-

terfly and freestyle strokes in the medleys much faster. I know the Olympics are on her mind, but she doesn't talk about them to anyone. She won't get ahead of herself. The only thing she looks forward to right now is the dual meet with Russia this month and the World Games in West Berlin in August. That's when we get to see the East Germans and find out where we stand."

Some of the other girls who will go to Germany are Tracy's pen pals. "They write each other all the time," says Tracy's dad. The youngest is Cynthia (Sippy) Woodhead, 14, of Riverside, Calif., who in the AAUs set a U.S. record of 4:39.94 in the 500-yard freestyle, almost three seconds better than Jennifer Hooker's mark. Asked if she dwelt on her tender years, Sippy said, "I just do my best and I don't pay any attention to how old I am." Fair enough. Sippy also broke the U.S. record in the 1,650 freestyle with a 1:55.15, after being narrowly beaten in the 200 free by an inspired Stephanie Elkins, 14, of Jacksonville's Amberjax club, who swam a 1:45.91. Said Stephanie, "All my friends had records, and I felt left out. So I gave a little more."

On Saturday, Tracy did it again in the 4 x 100-yard freestyle relay. Swimming first, and therefore eligible to be timed for a record, Tracy had a 49.58 for her fifth mark of the meet, wiping out Elkins' 49.66 set earlier in the evening.

Although it was predicted that the American girls would do well, their times were unexpectedly impressive. Wendy Boglioli, 23, who helped win the U.S. women's only gold medal in Montreal as a member of the 4 x 100 freestyle relay team, thinks she knows why the kids are improving. Boglioli, who is nicknamed "Mom" and swam in Austin although she is five months pregnant, says, "There's a new attitude among the young women. People thought that before the '76 Games the girls concentrated too much on American records so that they could go on all the foreign trips as part of the U.S. team. Then they kind of let down in international competition."

"But now Tracy and Sippy and the others don't get too excited about their records. They want it all, and that means the East Germans. They're hungry and young enough to do it. They're incredibly more mature and poised than I was at that age. If they keep it up, they'll bring home a lot of gold in 1980."

END

Tracy had reason to grin at the AAU short-course meet, as did her cohorts: they set 12 individual records.



# WHY IS THIS MAN EATING POPCORN?

*Bill Walton is stuffing junk food up in the stands because he's been hurting and so have some of his Portland teammates. Thereby could hang the NBA playoff tale. Of the possible beneficiaries, watch Phoenix* **by CURRY KIRKPATRICK**

It is playoff time in the National Basketball Association. Sign in, please. Willie Norwood: waived twice by Detroit, waived once by Seattle, played for the Rochester (N.Y.) Zenith in the All American Basketball Alliance until it folded in February. Jack Dorsey: waived by New Orleans, waived by Denver, played for the Brooklyn Dodgers in the Eastern Association. Dale Schluter: appeared in the uniforms of six teams in nine years, picked up from the terrific Portland city-league team that won the Oregon AAU championship. The team's name is Claudia's.

What's their line? They are, of course, the amazing front line of the world champion Portland Trail Blazers. At least they were while the Blazer locker room was reminding everybody of the hospital in the movie *Coma*. You may have read about the epidemic. No sooner would one member of the NBA's best and brightest team be afflicted with whooping cough than a teammate would come down with terminal acne. For a while it seemed as if somebody was poisoning the Blazers' boysenberry and arugula salads. Or that Bill Walton was paying off on a pact he had made with the Devil and Marvin Webster.

What really happened was that fate and the law of averages (Portland was all but injury free in 1977) had decreed that the runaway Blazers come back to the rest of the NBA. So they did.

After 60 games the champions had a resounding 50-10 record and were threatening to break every record the Montreal Canadiens hadn't already disposed of. Then Walton was hurt and in a month Portland had lost its top four rebounders and Nos. 1-2-4-5-7 scorers. The Blazers limped out of the regular season with only eight victories in their last 22 games. "Of all times to happen," said Walton, fastening his Tenzing Norkay memorial knapsack onto his 48-speed dual cam, everything-on-it-but-a-wagging-doggy-head-on-the-handlebars bicycle. "This is terrible."

Terrible for Portland. Wonderful for the rest of the NBA as well as CBS-TV,

which, if the Trail Blazers had remained healthy, would have been forced to trot out *Burnaby Jones* reruns during the Blazers' stroll through the playoffs. They were that good.

While some of the champions' ailments may be cured by the time they begin play in the second round, the suspicion lingers that Portland's chances of becoming the first team to repeat as NBA champion since the Celtics of 1968 and '69 are nil. More than any team, the Blazers depend on timing and repetition to be effective

in their passing, cutting offensive flow. It is possible that this week's bye will enable Portland to regain its conditioning but it is hardly likely.

Not only has its predicament enhanced network merriment, but it has set up the most interesting NBA tournament in years, with the focus being the Pacific, which in 1977-78, top to bottom, furnished one of the strongest divisional lineups in the history of the NBA.

After one considers the reasonable arguments in support of the Eastern Con-

*Walton has not played since Feb. 28, and the Trail Blazers have nosedived, losing 14 of 22 games*



ference champions—the Philadelphia 76ers of the Atlantic Division and the San Antonio Spurs of the Central—a couple of obvious questions remain.

If the media-darling 76ers are so talented and—where have we heard this adjective before?—"to-go-ther," why, when they had the simple task of passing the crippled Trail Blazers for the season's best record, which is worth a \$50,000 team bonus and the home-court advantage in all playoff series, did they fold up, losing four in a row and six of their last eight?

Moreover, if the (as comedian Steve Martin might say) crraaaaagazy Spurs are so good, why ain't they making big bucks? And why does everybody insist that the first time George Gervin and Larry Kenon *et al.* receive an elbow in the ribs, the Spurs will jingle and jangle, pack it in and head back to the Alamo?

In truth, four of the six teams that have a real chance to win the NBA championship are in the Pacific, and the only reason the division's fifth team—the Golden State Warriors—hasn't got a shot is that it did not make the playoffs. Somebody must have given Rick Barry a whiff of the green, because the Warriors closed with a rush to finish with a 43-39 record—and that would have been the fourth best in the whole Eastern Conference. As it was, Golden State finished dead last in the Pacific, but failed by only a single game to catch the Midwest Division's second-place club, the young Milwaukee Bucks, for the last playoff berth.

That leaves Portland, Phoenix, Seattle and Los Angeles to carry the colors of the NBA's westernmost division and prolong their donnybrook to the bitter end. The way it was in the West was fascinating enough to review as a reminder that in the NBA the game is not over until the last man is found, kicked or punched or thrown out.

**PORTLAND** On the last day of February the Trail Blazers were in the process of a 21-point homecourt blowout of Philadelphia when Walton walked to the bench saying the pain in his right foot had intensified to the point that he could not run. A week later minor surgery relieved nerve pressure in the area of the toes, but then his left foot pained him, and that was diagnosed as bursitis.

Doctors predicted Walton would be out from one to three weeks. But he hasn't failed since. In rapid succession



Philadelphia's McGinley, a big bust in the '77 playoffs, intends to lower the final boom this year

injuries claimed Lloyd Neal (knee), Maurice Lucas (hand, then leg) and Bob Gross (ankle), who joined Larry Steele (both feet) and Dave Twardzik (entire body) who were already on the sidelines.

In the improbable event that everybody else is back and playing well, the Blazers will still sorely miss Gross (whose fractured ankle surely will keep him out of all playoffs). In Portland's final two championship victories over the 76ers last June, Gross scored 25 and 24 points. His replacements at small forward, Steele, Corky Catthoun and rookie T. R. Dunn, are basically defenders.

While Tom Owens has filled in admirably in the pivot, the Blazers have missed Walton's contributions to the guard position where Lionel Hollins and, especially, Johnny Davis require his presence to exploit their games fully.

In the playoffs Portland should not have to contend with the one team whose aggressive, overplaying defenses caused

it the most problems—Midwest Division winner Denver (3-1 over the Blazers this season). Then again, at this stage, the Blazers might be hard pressed to stop Claudin's. Who the champs play may be academic unless physicians—or Coach Jack Ramsay—can perform some miracles in Multnomah County.

**PHOENIX** The Suns have the Rookie of the Year in Walter Davis, the guard of every year in Paul Westphal (with apologies to Gervin and the Nuggets' David Thompson, who are forwards masquerading as guards) and, some say, the hypochondriac of all years in Alvan Adams. With five rookies helping out, the team won 49 games and played consistently well except for a post-All-Star Game slump when Ronnie Lee, the runaround kid, was doing more referee-baiting than running around.

Now the Suns are regrouping just in time, exactly as they did two years ago when they roared into the NBA finals.

*continued*

And Phoenix is much better this time. The key statistic is its league-leading total of 1,059 steals (the vastly underrated guard, Don Buse, lives here), which are the source of a significant number of fast breaks and which offset the team's fecklessness underneath.

How much do the Sunstun Boys rely on finesse? "If team tug-of-war ever got to be CBS' halftime show," says *Phoenix Gazette* columnist Joe Gilmartin, "the Suns would finish 22nd." The team also can be intimidated by—shhh—zone defenses, which tend to shut down Coach John MacLeod's vaunted motion offense.

Because of their low profiles, it seems to be a big secret in mediaville that the self-contained scoring machines, Westphal and Davis, are absolutely brilliant and that MacLeod is one of the best coaches in the business.

With the home-court advantage over everybody but Portland, Philadelphia and San Antonio, this team will be very tough to handle in the playoffs and certainly a strong favorite over Milwaukee in the mini-series, then over Denver, whose magnificent Thompson, in closing out the season, scored 73 points, tying the third-highest total in NBA history.

SEATTLE "What the bleep's goin' down

with you bleepers?" was Bob Hopkins' idea of a pep talk in the huddles while the SuperSonics were losing 17 of the 22 games he coached. When Lenny Wilkens took over, he installed a starting lineup of Center Marvin Webster, rookie Forward Jack Sikma and Guard Gus Williams, along with the firm of Johnson and Johnson (Forward John, Guard Dennis) who proceeded to powder—get it?—the opposition and even get along with each other.

Moreover, Wilkens has meticulously formed the embryo of a true "team," one with the strength to grow and mature. That sounds suspiciously like what happened in that other paradise of the Pacific Northwest last season.

In the final weeks Seattle and Los Angeles traded third place in the division as if it were a ticking package, but the Sonics should defeat the Lakers in their mini-series on rebounding and defense if not on character.

Because Webster, the former Human Eraser, has become a rejuvenated in-your-face—what with his blocked shots and his averages of 36 minutes and 13 rebounds—the Sonics have risen to No. 2 in the NBA on defense.

"Banger" Sikma, he of the flaxen locks and the trivia-answer alma mater (Illinois Wesleyan, folks), and leading scorer-assist man Williams, he of the "attitude" that got him released from Golden State, have been revelations, while Downtown Freddie Brown has been content to ride the bench until Wilkens beckons him to throw in his patented bombs from the Space Needle.

All this and veteran Paul Silas tearing apart the backboards, too. Is it conceivable that everybody was correct about the championship staying way up there in the rainbelt, but had the wrong city? LOS ANGELES After Kareem Abdul-Jabbar broke his hand on Kent Benson's face in the season opener, he missed 20 games. Then when he returned, and Jack Kent Cooke's checkbook surrounded him with new playmates such as Adrian Dantley and Charlie Scott, he went on a work strike for 20 more games, claiming he was "bothered by the violence.... It gets to my psyche." After journalists badgered him as "Captain Sleepwalker" and Coach Jerry West told him that if the game wasn't fun anymore he should get out, Abdul-Jabbar decided to end the most listless slump of his career and play his goggles off.

In the last month he has earned his \$8,000 per game salary by averaging 28 points and 16 rebounds, and the feared Lakers are coming on. Or are they?

Too often they have lost the big game by missing the big shot. Though strong-boy Dantley and ancient Lou Hudson put together fine seasons, the injured Jamaal Wilkes and Scott contributed mostly by enabling the Lakers to lead the world in Muslims.

That left it up to a babe, rookie Point Guard Norm Nixon, to hold the Lakers together. And, oh, how Nixon responded. With his girlfriend in the stands shouting things like, "Use him, Norman! Use that chump!" Nixon became Hollywood's new Little Big Man.

West has said he doesn't care who his team draws in the playoffs, and no wonder; the Lakers are a combined 2-10 vs. their three probable Pacific foes. L.A. may have more native talent than anybody, but the team is a collection of men who are not close either on or off the court. "Our problem is rectifiable," Abdul-Jabbar has said. "But first, we have to identify what it is."

Whoever wins in the West will face the survivor of what could be the smokiest nest of them all, the probable East final between Philadelphia and San Antonio. This assumes that those division winners turn back two of the following: the New York Knicks in the Atlantic and the Washington Bullets, Cleveland Cavaliers and Atlanta Hawks in the Central.

A lot of good things can be said for Hawk Coach Hubie Brown and the job he did with a bargain-basement collection of more hounds than Disney rounded up in *One Hundred and One Dalmatians*. But what about the other "contenders"?

The Knicks have Bob McAdoo shooting everything and Lonnie Shelton fouling everybody. The Cavs have the alleged Walt Frazier, who sat out seven weeks with an ingrown toenail or something, and of whom Coach Bill Fitch said, "He's 32 going on 40. You or I would be playing on that. Looking at Frazier puts me to sleep." And the tired and gimpy Bullets, who keep their best player (Mitch Kupchak) shackled in a sixth-man role, permit opposing guards to fire at will and then wander around wondering why they lose at home.

It is difficult not to imagine San Antonio advancing to a Gatling-gun rendezvous with the 76ers at which Gervin and

continued

Abetted by Lee, the Suns could steal the title



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John Erving and Kenon and Darryl Dawkins will play Dueling Jammers. Best look up the women and children.

While the Spurs are lightweight, unphysical and incapable of defending your grandmother, they are never out of a game as long as their arms stay cocked. On learning that Thompson had overtaken him only hours before for the scoring lead, Gervin used his final game to throw in 63 points and grab the title back; if Bill Walton is not basketball's MVP, Gervin certainly is.

Sniff, Philadelphia would seem to have more weapons than San Antonio—specifically Doug Collins' slapping defense on Gervin and Henry Bibby helping out. Also the Sixers no longer quiver at the mention of "Spurs," because they have whipped their Texas cousins three of four this winter after losing all but one of their meetings last season.

"We need more love than any team in the history of basketball," says George McGinnis, the same beleaguered "McGee" of last spring's playoffs, who has returned smoking less but enjoying it—well, don't ask.

New Coach Billy Cunningham gave the 76ers much affection, but the team still floundered. With all the Lloyd Free's juking and the Joe Bryant's skying and the Dawkinses spouting off about "interplanetary funkamanship," the 76ers were embarrassed down the stretch by the likes of Atlanta's Tree Rollins and New Orleans' Rich Kelley. So whither, really, Philly?

The tranquil Erving says, "The opportunity does not exist for me to carry Philadelphia on my back; it isn't necessary for me to perform up to potential." But wait a minute. Isn't this the same guy who in the 1977 finals was obliged to do just that? And can anybody forget him showing everyone what interplanetary really means?

"Obviously you'd like to see me turned loose, have total freedom and be freaky," says Erving. "But what would be the result?"

Who knows?

Perhaps the 76ers will romp. Or collapse. Or scream and yell at each other again. Maybe the sky will fall and the Hawks will upset everybody.

In this most competitive of playoff seasons anything could tip the balance. But here is one vote for teamwork, cohesion, character, finesse. Here is a vote for the Phoenix Suns.

BNB

# "THE TOUGHEST PITCHER I EVER FACED."

by Johnny Bench

Tough? This pitcher was inhuman. Absolutely useless, for one thing. And I was looking at a variety of pitches like you wouldn't believe. Different speeds: fast balls, slow balls, and everything in between. Plenty of sliders. And the world's toughest knuckler.



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# THE DERBY IS OLD HAT AT CALUMET

But this year's race could be the topper for the Markeys, the owners, although they won't be there **by WILLIAM LEGGETT**

There are no oil paintings of Triple Crown winners Whirlaway and Citation on the living room walls; no trophies from the Kentucky Derby, Preakness or Belmont on display; and photographs of famed trainers Ben and Jimmy Jones, legendary jockey Eddie Arcaro and all of Calumet's Derby winners are back in Kentucky. The only hint of the residents' identity and interests comes from the *Daily Racing Form* on the coffee table.

"The first thing I do in the morning is read it, even though I need a big magnifying glass," says Lucille Markey, who is 81 and doubts that she will get to Churchill Downs next month to see the race her stable dominated for years and has an excellent chance to win again with a powerful colt named Alydar.

When the weather turns a bit warmer, Mrs. Markey and her husband, Admiral Gene Markey, 82, will leave La Gorce Island off Miami Beach for the rolling green hills of Fayette County, Ky. and the 846 acres of Calumet Farm,

which for many years was to racing what the New York Yankees were to baseball, the Boston Celtics to basketball and the Montreal Canadiens to hockey. It was one of the greatest of sports dynasties, and like the Canadiens and the Yankees, it could well become prepotent again.

When Calumet was at the top of its game between 1941 and '61, it had a better bench than the Supreme Court and the Yankees combined. But just two years ago, Calumet's purse earnings had sunk to a 41-year low of \$87,725. Then along came Alydar and an excellent filly named Our Mims, and in 1977 its earnings rose to \$673,000; this year's take could exceed \$1 million, which is more like what Calumet raked in in its heyday. "Just wait a little bit," says John Vetch, the 32-year-old trainer who has helped restore Calumet's illustrious name. "We have some other good horses. They will be out before long, and I think they will win some very important races."

For Mrs. Markey, Calumet's decline

and resurgence awaken memories of the late 1930s and early '40s, when her first husband, Warren Wright Sr., whose family owned the Calumet Baking Powder Co., was thinking of selling his racing interests. At that time, it was Whirlaway that came galloping to the rescue. "Warren was very discouraged," Mrs. Markey says. "But you always seem to be at the lowest before you start up again. We have been through some lean years recently, but you don't give up in the bad times. Calumet has won eight Kentucky Derbies, and if Alydar is good enough and lucky enough to win this year, I'd like to see it, but I can't go because I'm in a wheelchair [she suffers from arthritis], and if we win, I'd want to go down

in the winner's circle and hug Alydar.

"Admiral Markey and I go out to the track to see the horses in the morning whenever we can; the car is driven up to the rail and we sit and look out. I always loved horses. When I was a girl growing up in Kentucky my father had horses and I'd stand on a tree stump and coax them over to me and ride them, but I never let him see me do it. He was afraid I'd get thrown off, and one day I did and was hurt but I never let on.

"We go from LaGrange to Lexington to Saratoga, but of all the tracks, I love Churchill Downs the best. The Derby is the race you always want to win."

On Derby Day (May 6) Alydar will be a sentimental—as well as a betting—

favorite of racing fans, some of whom have been sending letters to the farm wishing Calumet well. "We have fans all over. They're coming out of the woodwork," says Margaret Glass, Calumet's secretary, who has worked at the farm for 38 years. Last week she oozed pride and hope. She was wearing a homemade outfit of Calumet's famed devil's red and blue colors, consisting of a red dress with double bars of blue on the sleeves, blue buttons and a blue collar.

There are 37 buildings on the grounds, each white with red trim. Running between rows of oaks and syc-

*continued*

*After years of domination, Calumet went downhill. Now the Kentucky farm is heading back up again.*





The breeding shed at Calumet stirs memories of the famous old sire Bull Lea, whose offspring included Triple Crown winner Citation and other greats

amores are six miles of roads connecting the buildings and pastures. The Markeys' three-story house has a trophy room containing 495 awards—120 gold trophies, 283 silver trophies, 90 silver cups, one gold cup and a Steuben Glass trophy from the 1959 Widener. The collection is kept in a vault when the Markeys are away—about seven months of the year. Much of their time is spent in Florida because Admiral Markey, who served as an assistant to Navy Secretary James Forrestal during World War II, also is affected by arthritis.

Before Calumet closed its gates to visitors in the late 1960s, the top tourist attraction was its cemetery, honoring its best runners and dominated by a bronze statue of the great sire Bull Lea. Bull Lea's sons lie to his right, and his daughters to his left. Other Calumet mares occupy the graves in another tier. Directly in front of the Bull Lea monument are the Derby winners—Whirlaway (1941), Pensive (1944), Citation (1948), Ponder (1949), Hill Gail (1952) and Iron Liege (1957). Tim Tam, the 1958 winner, is 23 and still stabled at Calumet. Forward Pass, declared the winner of the 1968 Derby

when Dancer's Image was disqualified, stands at stud in Japan.

"I always had a big part in naming the Calumet horses, and now the Admiral and I do it together," Mrs. Markey says. "Look, I've put some terrible names on horses, but some of my best turned out to be on good horses. I've read often this year that we named Alydar because I used to write or dictate letters to Aly Khan, that began, 'Aly Darling.' That isn't so. We were great friends of Aly Khan and used to visit him, and he would stay with us when he came over to this country.

"But I never wrote him any letters. We had just come back from visiting him when he was killed in an auto crash near Paris, and we returned for the funeral. We always wanted to name a horse for Aly Khan, but Admiral Markey put the name Alydar on this horse because it sounded good."

No stable has ever dominated racing as Calumet did from 1941 to 1961, and it is doubtful that one will again attain such prominence. Calumet did rare things that transcend statistics, no matter how inflated purses have become in

recent years. Pimlico, for example, ran an important race each fall in those days, The Special; it was special because it was winner-take-all. From 1942 to 1948 Calumet entered five horses in the race and they all won, with two of them, Whirlaway and Citation, "walking over" when no opposition showed up. One year, 1947, Calumet sent 40 horses out and 36 earned purse money.

Arcaro, who rode so many of Calumet's stars, reflected recently on the impact the stable had in its most successful years. "It was awesome," Arcaro said, "just plain awesome. People would say, 'Break up Calumet,' meaning they didn't want one of the stable's two- or three-horse entries running in stakes races and taking down most of the purse money. Well, every once in a while the stable would be broken up, with Citation running at one track and Costtown at another, and when both would win, the people who had been screaming would scream again. But they would have changed their tune. 'Keep Calumet together,' they'd say. 'Don't break them up. When you break them up, they win in so many different places that nobody

gets a real shot at the winner's share."

The main reason Calumet has had a fallow period the last 16 years is that some of its best horses, notably Citation and Coaltown, rarely sired good horses and some of the stable's best bloodlines ran out. So in recent seasons the Markeys have bought some yearlings, spending \$460,000 in 1977 alone. But Alydar and Our Mims are homebreds. Their dam is Sweet Tooth.

Of all the Calumet horses, Citation was the greatest. In 1973, when Secretariat won the Triple Crown, he became the first horse in a quarter of a century to do so, the first since Citation in 1948. As grand a horse as Secretariat was, and as great an impact as he had on the general public, he was not Citation.

Citation's Triple Crown season came not long after the death of Man o'War. Experts were certain—as experts always are—that "the likes of Man o'War will not be seen again." Enter Citation. He had speed, class, durability and a heart the size of a watermelon. After winning eight of nine as a 2-year-old, Citation began his 3-year-old season early in February 1948, running at Hialeah, and he kept going right through the middle of December. During those 11 months he started 20 times and lost just once.

There are many, however, who hold that the best thing ever to walk out of a Calumet barn was a man named Benjamin Allyn Jones. Mrs. Markey remembers Jones fondly. "Calumet wasn't doing too well," she says, "and I had heard about this man named Ben Jones—plain Ben. He was out in Missouri, training for the Woolford Farms of Herbert M. Woolf. I got on the phone and said, 'Mr. Jones, we have never met. Would you consider training for Calumet Farm? Things look sad right now, but we are serious about racing. Please come to Churchill Downs and talk to me.'"

"B.A. said to me, 'When do you want me there?' I said, 'Yesterday.'"

"A few days later Mr. Jones showed up at Churchill Downs. I remember our first words. Mr. Jones wore a big hat, and when I introduced myself to him and shook his hand, the big hat came off in an instant and he put it under his arm. 'I know all about you,' I said, 'and the one thing I want more than anything else is to win the Kentucky Derby.' He leaned down and kissed me and said, 'That's what I want and we will get it.'"

Jones had already won a Derby by the

time he joined Calumet in August 1939. He had taken a sore-footed Woolford colt named Lawrin, put an unknown youngster named Arcaro up and picked up a winner's prize of \$47,050. Included in the field that Lawrin beat was a Calumet horse named Bull Lea.

Warren Wright Sr. had purchased Bull Lea at the 1936 Saratoga Yearling Sales for \$14,000, despite the fact that the foal had been dropped by a 19-year-old mare of no proven running ability and had been sired by Bull Dog, a moderately successful stakes runner. Also, Bull Lea had four white feet. There is an adage that covers such horses: One white foot, try him; two white feet, buy him; three white feet, look well around him; four white feet, go without him. If Calumet had gone without Bull Lea, it might never have made an illustrious name for itself, because he sired Armed, Faultless, Citation, Coaltown and Bewitch, among others.

When Jones took over, Calumet had a yearling, soon to be named Whirlaway, that was to bring the stable its first Derby winner—and the Triple Crown to boot.

Whirlaway's Derby was the first officially to draw more than 100,000 people, and they saw him set a track record of 2:01½, a mark that stood for 21 years. Whirlaway was named Horse of the Year in 1941 and 1942 and was the first horse

ever to earn more than \$500,000. Jones had delivered on his promise to win a Derby for Calumet, and he also had put the stable in the first rank. In two years, Jones raised Calumet to a third-place ranking in purses (1940), and then to first with earnings of \$475,091, a record at the time. Today the figure \$1 million means very little in sports, but in 1947, when Calumet became the first stable to attain it, people were amazed that a bunch of horses could make that much.

Only four years later, one horse, Citation, did it on his own. By winning the Hollywood Gold Cup, he increased his bankroll to \$1,085,760. There are now 20 horses that have earned \$1 million or more, but Citation's feat is still unsurpassed, because he finished in the money in 44 of 45 starts; among million-dollar winners, only Secretariat (20-21), Dr. Fager (21-22) and Buckpasser (30-31) approach his level of excellence.

Now it's Alydar's turn to uphold the Calumet tradition, and in three weeks he will go onto the track at Churchill Downs to meet Affirmed and several other premier 3-year-olds. Affirmed will be carrying an 18-year-old Kentucky-born jockey named Steve Cauthen, riding in his first Derby and trying to fulfill a remarkable dream. Just some 80 miles away Lucille Markey will be watching the race on television in Lexington. She, too, has a remarkable dream.

END

*The Markeys enjoyed the Eclipse Awards because Our Mims was voted 1977's best 3-year-old filly.*





# THE CABLE CARS, THE FOG—AND WILLIE

In an era when players rarely evoke affection, San Francisco's Willie McCovey has become a civic monument. Indeed, in his 40th year, he has taken on a glowing patina **by RON FIMRITE**

As Willie McCovey sat in the San Francisco Giants' clubhouse at Candlestick Park last Friday, blissfully contemplating the start of his 20th major league season, he was approached by a curious figure attired entirely in red. A mechanical monkey clutching cymbals hung from the intruder's neck, and in his right hand the man held a kazoo. "I have a telegram for Willie McCovey," he announced, heralding his arrival with a kazoo chorus. "Are you that gentleman?" McCovey identified himself, and the stranger, from Grams-n-Gags Singing Telegram Service, began to warble, with sitar accompaniment and more or less to the tune of *Seventy-Six Trombones*. "How d'ya do, Willie McCovey/ the Riviera Rats have asked me here/ to express best wishes to you..."

McCovey exploded with laughter. "That's from my fan club in San Diego," he told his teammates at the ditty's conclusion. "I used to live on Riviera Drive when I was playing down there. The Riviera Rats were my neighbors." Because the Padres were the Giants' Opening Day opponents, was it not odd that he should be celebrated in song by San Diegans? "Oh, no, they're just good friends. They root for me wherever I am," McCovey said. "I have fans down there

Nothing like here, though. This is something special. There's nothing really like it." True. Remarkably true.

Not many professional baseball players today are actually loved by their fans. Admired, certainly, encouraged, naturally; respected, possibly. But loved? Not on your life. People just do not go around loving guys with \$3 million, 10-year contracts. And players these days are rarely considered integral to the life of the community they supposedly represent. How can they be when they constantly seem to be talking about playing out their options and "getting the hell out of this lousy ball park to someplace where they'll appreciate me?"

What truly sets McCovey apart from the run of modern athletes, then, is not so much that, at 40, he is the oldest of major league regulars but that in a time when cynicism is rampant in the clubhouses he embodies the ancient virtues of love and loyalty. He recalls slaughter times, older sentiments—Enos Slaughter weeping at the news that he had been traded away from St. Louis, Lou Gehrig sobbing out his farewell to the Yankee faithful. During spring training last month McCovey was having dinner in a Phoenix restaurant with two fans, one nearly 70, the other in his teens. Both

the man and the boy were wrestling with the anomaly of McCovey's wondrous popularity in a city, San Francisco, that has hardly clasped its baseball team to its communal bosom in recent years. "Maybe it's because you're such a nice guy, Willie," said the older fan. "I think people sense that."

McCovey is not one for hasty responses. Among his good qualities is a penchant for thinking before speaking. And his speech itself is distinctive; though there can be no questioning his impressive masculinity, he has the vocal mannerisms of an elderly Southern black woman. Speaking softly, employing homespun phrases, he is reminiscent of Ethel Waters in *The Member of the Wedding*. He considered the older man's compliment for a moment, set his napkin aside and said, quietly, "I would rather be remembered as a decent human being than as a guy who hit a lot of home runs. I love San Francisco and the people of the Bay Area. I think people there consider me a part of the city. San Francisco is identified with certain things—the bridges, the fog, the cable cars. Without bragging, I feel I've gotten to the place where people are thinking of me along those lines. I'd like to think that when people think of San Francisco they also think of Willie McCovey. It's where I want to be, where I belong. I hope the people there love me a little in return."

Do they ever? Traded to San Diego in 1974, McCovey returned home in triumph last season. When he was introduced with the rest of the Giants' start-

*continues*

ing lineup on Opening Day of 1977, he was cheered for a solid five minutes. When he stepped to the plate for the first time, there was another standing ovation. The applause continued all year long. It was an outpouring of affection unparalleled in the city's athletic history. And on Willie McCovey Day last Sept. 18, it achieved idolatrous dimensions. If McCovey harbored even the faintest doubt about his place in the life of the community, it was quickly dispelled by this love feast. Newspaper editorials extolled him, television news programs recapitulated his life story. Even academe joined the celebration with a paean composed for the *San Francisco Examiner* by San Francisco State University English professor Eric Solomon. "He has always been one of ours, as boy and man," the professor wrote of the player, "and he typifies San Francisco's ambiguous relationship to youth and age.... We all want to come to the edge of the Pacific, find success when young, and discover success again, gain another chance before it's too late.... In an era of hard, financially aggressive, contract-minded athletes, Willie McCovey seems free, kind, warm, the way we like to think of San Francisco itself, a bit laid-back, no New York or Chicago, cities always on the make.... Let New York have the brawling power of Babe Ruth, let Boston have the arrogant force of Ted Williams. Let us have the warm strength of Willie McCovey."

McCovey responded to this encomium with a splendid season. He hit 28 home runs, the most since he last played as a Giant. He drove in 86 runs and batted .280. He broke Henry Aaron's National League record for career grand-slam homers by hitting his 17th and 18th. He got his 2,000th hit. His 493rd home run put him in a 12th-place tie with Lou Gehrig on the all-time list. And because he had batted only .203 with San Diego and .208 with Oakland in 1976, he was named the National League's Comeback Player of the Year. It was the stuff that dreams are made of.

And now, at 40, he is prepared to do it again. "I can't rest on my laurels," he said after a strenuous workout at the Giants' spring training camp. "I have to approach this season the way I approached the last. People will be looking."

McCovey still hears it said that he is too old and infirm—he has arthritis in both knees and in his hips and is in more or less constant pain—to duplicate or

even approach last season's feats. Such talk mildly irritates him—nothing severely irritates him—for, like many a middle-aged man of parts, he considers age merely a condition of the mind.

"A lot of it is up here," he says, tapping his hairpiece with long fingers. "An older player loses his interest before his body goes. I really think Willie McCovey could've played longer. What he couldn't quite handle was coming down to the rest of the league from where he had been. He was so much above everyone else that it bothered him to know he wasn't still 10 times better than the rest of us. He couldn't handle that mentally, but he still had a super body when he quit. A guy who's been that good never really loses all of his ability. The only thing he does lose is his desire."

"The same thing that happened to Mays happened to Aaron, only Aaron let himself get heavy. This is where I feel I have the advantage. I still do the things that are necessary to stay in shape. My weight, about 220, has been the same for a long time. I haven't lost that desire yet. When I get to the point where I say, 'Aw, I don't need to do that,' then I'll know I'm in trouble. But this is all I ever wanted to do, all I'd ever prepared myself to do. People say I've made sacrifices to stay in shape, but I can't really call them sacrifices, because the so-called bad things in life don't interest me anyway. Staying out in bars all night is not my style. Oh, I guess I do a little of everything everybody else does. I just don't do as much. I was raised that way. When you first leave home, you start doing things you wouldn't do at home but, deep down, you know what's right."

**M**cCovey learned his moral code growing up in Mobile, Ala., the seventh of 10 children, eight boys and two girls. His father, Frank, a railroad man, was a church deacon, and his mother, Ester, ruled the brood with Old Testament authority. "We went to church every Sunday," says McCovey, "and nobody ever smoked in front of my parents, even when we were all grown up. Of course, I never smoked anyway." Willie grew to be the largest of the children and, curiously, the only one remotely interested in sports. He was anchor man on his high school mile relay team, a center in basketball and an end on the football team. There was no baseball team at Central High, but McCovey and

his friends played on the playgrounds of the Maysville district. Across town, two other Mobile youngsters, Aaron and Bally Williams, pursued similar athletic lives. The three would later account for 1,674 major league home runs, two Most Valuable Player awards and three batting titles.

McCovey's talents were first recognized by Jesse Thomas, a playground director in Mobile who acted as a bird dog for the Giants. With scores of other youngsters, including Orlando Cepeda and Jose Pagan, McCovey was invited to a Giant tryout camp at Melbourne, Fla. in the winter of 1955. "All the minor league managers in the system were there, and they'd watch us. We'd just choose up sides and go at it," McCovey recalls. Alex Pompey, a pioneer scout of Latin and black players for the Giants, was responsible for informing each player whether he would be signed to a contract or sent home. "You could tell if you'd made it or not by the way he looked," McCovey says. "I didn't think I'd impressed anyone that week, and when Pompey came into my room, sure enough, he had that look on his face. He watched me with sadness in his eyes and asked, 'Why you no hit?' I told him I guessed I was just too nervous. I was waiting for him to send me home when he said, 'For some reason, they're gonna sign you anyway.'"

And they have been glad ever since. After batting .305 in his first four minor league years, McCovey started the 1959 season in Phoenix and finished it in San Francisco. In 95 Pacific Coast League games, he hit .372 with 29 homers and 92 RBIs. The Giants summoned him, and on July 30, 1959 he made a major league debut that is still a topic of conversation among Bay Area baseball fans, most of whom say they were there that day in old Seals Stadium. Against future Hall of Fame Pitcher Robin Roberts, McCovey went 4 for 4—two singles and two triples, one of which reached the center-field backdrop on a searing line. To San Francisco fans, still flushed with pride over the team they had had only a year, the spectacular arrival of the tall youngster was occasion for civic celebration. McCovey became an overnight celebrity. His uneventful life story was dutifully printed in all the newspapers. National magazines sought him out. And he was incessantly interviewed on television and radio, often to the regret of the inter-

*continued*



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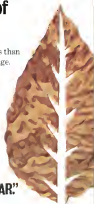
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viewers, because McCovey at 21 was not much of a talker.

Despite the hofo beginning, McCovey's future with the team was scarcely assured. The Giants already had a first baseman in Cepeda, and he, too, was immensely popular. He had been the National League's Rookie of the Year in 1958, a title McCovey was to earn with a .354 batting average in 1959. Bill Rigney, then the Giants' manager, remains convinced that if Cepeda could have been persuaded to move to the outfield, San Francisco would have won the pennant that year. But Cepeda had territorial rights he was reluctant to surrender. He did take an occasional turn in the outfield and in third base, but his play away from first was less than inspired. "I could see his point," says McCovey. "Why should he make a fool out of himself playing out of position. The thing is, we both couldn't be on first." So it was McCovey who moved to the outfield. He made the transition without complaint, even though he had never played in the outfield before. "I knew I wouldn't be a Willie Mays," McCovey says, "and anybody who saw me play there could tell that right away. But I learned. I think I played it adequately."

The dilemma of who's on first was not resolved until Cepeda was traded to St. Louis in 1966. McCovey would enjoy some of his finest seasons thereafter (he won the league's Most Valuable Player award along with the home run and RBI titles in 1969). Although McCovey and Cepeda were good friends, Willie's relations with the enigmatic Mays were much more complex. The premier ballplayer of his generation, Mays was never as fully accepted by San Francisco fans as Cepeda and McCovey were. There was too much of New York about him, and while the younger players appeared publicly about town, Mays was virtually invisible away from the park. And yet he craved attention and was frequently pensive when others, obviously less deserving, received it in his stead.

When McCovey joined the Giants in San Francisco, Mays seemed to regard him not as a protégé but as a satellite. "He'd even take me along on dates with him. He'd drag me everywhere. I looked up to him. All of us did. He was such a great player. I found myself spending so much time with him that I was getting to be a lot like him. I was copying his ways. I knew that wasn't me. I couldn't

go on like that, so I deliberately took myself away from him so I could create my own identity. Some people took that as feuding, but we've always been friends. I guess I was as close to him as anyone can be, but I don't think anyone can get real close to him. We're neighbors now. I live in Woodside and he lives in Atherton, but we hardly ever see each other."

McCovey was not the transcendent all-round player Mays was, but with his great reach he has always been an effective first baseman and he was—and still may be—one of the most feared power hitters the game has known. Gene Mauch, the Minnesota Twins' manager, has described McCovey as "the most awesome hitter I've ever seen." Indeed, standing at the plate, his left shoulder dipped, feet spread far apart, but waving menacingly, he gives an impression of size that exceeds even the 6'4", 220-pound reality. His home runs are majestic, for sheer distance the equal of any stroked by the legendary tape-measure sluggers—Ruth, Foxx, Mantle, Howard, Stargell, Kingman and Luzinski. His reactions may have slowed after 20 years, but the swing is as vicious and perfect as ever. McCovey was an early student of Ted Williams, in the days when the Red Sox were training in Arizona, and his swing is a slightly upturned copy of the Splinter original.

He should hit his 500th home run this spring, and if he can hit 20 for the season he will pass Eddie Mathews, Mel Ott and Ernie Banks on the National League home run ladder and reach third place behind Aaron and Mays. He needs only 36 RBIs to pass Mathews, who has 1,453, and advance to seventh place behind Rogers Hornsby in that category. Plagued throughout his career by a daunting assortment of injuries that have involved nearly every section of his elongated corpus—neck, shoulder, arm, hip, leg—McCovey has contrived, nevertheless, to string together some imposing seasons. In the six from 1965 through 1970 he averaged 37.6 homers and 106 RBIs. He drove in 126 runs in both 1969 and '70, hitting 45 and 39 homers and batting .320 and .289, respectively. He tied Aaron for the home run championship in 1963, when he hit 44, and won the title outright in 1968 and '69 with 36 and 45. He also won the RBI championship those two seasons.

His decline in recent years is, in his opinion, more a result of injuries and the

Padres' insistence that he was only a part-time player than to any marked erosion of his skills. His performance last year would seem to bear him out. It dismays McCovey that after so many brilliant seasons he should now be famous outside the Bay Area only for his age, but he concedes that even that is an improvement over his former reputation as the man who ended the 1962 World Series so dramatically with a line drive to the Yankees' Bobby Richardson while the potential Series-winning runs died on second and third. His assured election to the Hall of Fame will not rest, it is reasonable to say, on either age or an out.

It is often said of McCovey by those who have known him through the years that he has never changed. He is as unaffected by stardom as anyone of his stature can be. He denies vigorously that he has ever been a superstar, ever been "on top of the heap." He loves jazz but, instead of listening to it after a game, he now prefers, at his relatively advanced age, to crawl into the whirlpool bath he has had installed in his new home. He was married in 1964, but only briefly, and he rarely sees his former wife and daughter. He seldom socializes with baseball folk, preferring the company of people with more varied interests. The once tongue-tied youngster is now an able and frequent speaker on the banquet circuit, an indefatigable promoter of his ball club.

Few love affairs have been as satisfactorily consummated as the one between McCovey and his fans on his "Day" last September. Smiling back tears before the microphone, McCovey seemed to be trying to thank everyone in the stands individually—Master of Ceremonies Lon Simmons feared he might actually succeed—but in the end it was, fittingly, his bat that did the talking. Struggling all afternoon to reward his followers with a home run, he was hitless when he came to bat in the ninth inning with two outs, the score tied and the winning run on third. He hit the first pitch thrown by Cincinnati's Pedro Borbon on a line to left center for a clean single that won the game for the Giants 3-2.

"I think Willie showed everyone today just what kind of an individual he is," said Manager Joe Altobelli. It was hardly necessary, because everyone there already knew what kind of an individual McCovey is. They just need reminding from time to time.

END

# SHADOWS, SNIPERS AND SUPERPESTS

Hockey's specialists, self-made men who harass the stars, strafe the net and bedevil goalies, loom large in the Stanley Cup. Montreal is extra special

by JERRY KIRSHENBAUM



The Canadiens' Bob Gevey hounds his rival no matter where he goes.

As one might expect in so fluid and freewheeling a sport, hockey has its share of versatile performers: Guy Lafleur, Bryan Trottier, Darryl Sittler, Brad Park, Bobby Clarke. What such players have in common is this: they were born to skate, shoot, pass and check. They could no more excel in just one aspect of the game than Ben Franklin could have been just a printer.

However, these do-it-all players will not necessarily determine who wins the Stanley Cup. Hockey is also a game of specialists, and they have a say in things,

too. Though not as variously talented, the specialists compensate with hard work and singlemindedness. The tasks they perform, while often unglamorous, can be crucial. Killing penalties, for instance. And harassing rival goalies. And, oh, yes, trying to stop the Lafleurs, the Trottiers, the Sittlers, the Parks and the Clarkes.

Specialists, for the most part, play "roles." It was a role, for example, that the New York Rangers' Gene Carr played in the 1972 quarterfinals against Montreal. A rookie at the time, Carr was assigned to hound the Canadiens' speedy

Yvan Cournoyer, and he shadowed Cournoyer so successfully—limiting him to only two goals—that the Rangers upset Montreal in six games. It was a lot of role-playing—doing unspectacular things like mucking in the corners and winning face-offs—that won the '74 and '75 Stanley Cups for the Philadelphia Flyers. Indeed, it might be argued that the Broad Street Bullies were nothing more than a team of specialists. And nothing less, either.

Few appreciate how heavily Montreal relied on specialists in winning the cup the past two years. The reason for this oversight is that Montreal has so many stars, including Lafleur, Steve Shutt, who had a 49-goal year, and a crack defensive corps headed by Larry Robinson, Serge Savard and Guy Lapointe. But Les Canadiens are loaded with specialists, too. During Montreal's four-game sweep of Boston in last year's finals, the splendid penalty-killing job the Canadiens received from the likes of Jacques Lemaire, Bob Gainey, Doug Jarvis and Rejean Houle was generally overlooked. Montreal's penalty killers allowed but two goals in 21 shorthanded situations, effectively taking the growl out of the Bruins.

The importance of specialists to Montreal is emphasized by Coach Scotty Bowman, whose team opens quarterfinal action next week as an overwhelming fa-

vorite to win its third straight cup. Bowman feels that specialists—whom he sometimes calls "self-made men" to distinguish them from the immensely talented stars—could make the difference in the playoffs. "It's sometimes easier to curtail the great scorers over a short series than it is over a long season," Bowman says. "If you expect to win, the self-made players have to come through."

Which specialists are most likely to come through in the playoffs? While ev-



*The Flyers' Dornhoefer calls the crease home*

ery team has them, some are plainly better than others. Here are the best, a kind of Who's Who of the lunchpail brigade

**THE SHADOW MONTREAL'S BOB GAINNEY**—Almost everybody laughed when Gainey, a non-scorer in his junior career, was drafted in the first round in 1973, but he turned out to be the outstanding defensive specialist the Montreal brass knew he would be. A strong skat-

er blessed with Havlicekian stamina, Gainey is adept at neutralizing rival stars. He picks up his man early, bumps him repeatedly and keeps him off balance. But that's not all. Gainey usually plays with Doug Jarvis and Rick Chartraw on Montreal's "checking line," the unit Bowman puts out against the other team's best scorers. The Montreal checkers enjoy nothing better than scoring a couple of goals themselves against the elitists. "We think offensively," says Gainey, who



*The Islanders' Bossy is a power-play marksman*  
continued

scored 15 goals this season. "We want the puck. If we get a goal against the other team's big line, we have a psychological edge." Because he is a left wing, Gainey has played against the NHL's hottest right wings—the Mike Bossys, Rene Robert, Danny Gares and Lanny McDonalds. The only high-scoring right wing who has escaped Gainey's attention is teammate Lafleur. Lucky Lafleur.

**THE SUPERPEST PHILADELPHIA'S GARY DORNHOEFER**—One of the players who helped put brawn in the Bullies, Dornhoefer has made a career of unnerving the other team's goalie. Braving physical retaliation by rival defensemen and snarling shots by his own teammates, Dornhoefer plants his 6' 1", 195-pound self in the goal mouth and uses stick, elbows and shoulders to stay there. This enables him to frazzle the goaltender, screen teammates' shots and even score himself on deflections and rebounds. It also brings him grief. This season alone he

has had two battered knees, a hip pointer, and a thigh injury inflicted by Flyer Defenseman Bob Dailey's wicked slapshot. Allowing that "I've slowed down and they've been nailing me," the 35-year-old Dornhoefer says he will retire to the golf course after the playoffs. Meanwhile, he is teaching everything he knows about trespassing to 22-year-old Paul Holmgren, a tempestuous and, unlike Dornhoefer, helmeted bruiser who likes to park in the crease, too.

**THE POWER BROKERS THE NEW YORK ISLANDERS' STEFAN PERSSON AND MIKE BOSSY**—A team's biggest guns are generally deployed on the power play, the attack used to exploit penalty-created manpower advantages, and the Islanders have a couple of cannons, Bryan Trottier and Denis Potvin, on theirs. But it is Persson and Bossy, both rookies, who transformed the Islanders power play from the NHL's worst early this season to one of the best. Credit the poise and patience

of Swedish import Persson. Schooled in the European tradition that "if you move the puck around a bit, you'll have a better chance," Persson waits for the perfect opening, then threads the puck through it. The favored recipient of his pinpoint passing is Bossy, a sniper with a quick release on his wondrously accurate shot. The secret of Bossy's marksmanship is in the hands. They are surgeon's hands, finely made but strong and slightly broad at the fingertips. Persson wound up with 50 assists, while Bossy's 53 goals were a club record and the most ever by an NHL rookie. Twenty-five of his goals came on the power play—tops in the NHL.

**TOP COP TORONTO'S DAVE (TIGER) WILLIAMS**—For all the outcries against fighting in hockey, the tough guys go on trying to "win a reputation," as they put it. And as long as the refs allow it, they derive certain tactical benefits. Williams, Dave (Hammer) Schultz' successor as

*continued*

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Public Enemy No. 1, played much of the season on a line with Darryl Sittler and Lanny McDonald, the Maple Leafs' top goal scorers, and his comforting presence freed them to concentrate on putting the puck in the net. At other moments Williams has succeeded in taking key opponents into the penalty box with him. To hear Williams tell it, however, the fact that he amassed 351 penalty minutes is a case of virtue triumphant. "Some teams, Boston, for instance, try to use me to set the trend of the game," Williams says cockily. "They feel if they can take me it might be demoralizing to the rest of the guys. The Bruins' [Terry] O'Reilly or [John] Wensink can usually be counted on to try me, but they must be getting pretty tired of it by now. I know I'm getting tired of beating them up."

**THE KILLERS** BUFFALO'S DON LUCE AND CRAIG RAMSAY—For six years Luce and Ramsay have teamed to kill penalties, si-

multaneously battling the clock and the manpower disadvantage to keep power-play specialists like Persson and Bossy from scoring. The small, pesky Ramsay relies on quickness; the rangy Luce employs his long reach and the NHL's heaviest stick, which he is forever rapping against some unfortunate's ankles. Ramsay and Luce know each other so well that when Ramsay darts here, Luce automatically glides there. "We try to make them start over or force a long pass that can be intercepted," says Ramsay. If they do intercept the puck, watch out. Luce has twice scored eight shorthanded goals in a season. Ramsay led the league this year with five.

**THE QUICK-DRAW KID** MONTREAL'S DOUG JARVIS—"From the time I plant my skates, I watch the puck," says Jarvis, discussing his technique on face-offs. "I can't ever remember actually seeing it hit the ice. A face-off is seldom won clearly. Usually the puck just lies there

dead for a split second. That's what you have to react to—getting the second chance." Clearly or not, Jarvis, whom Bowman calls on to take anything resembling an "important" face-off, wins more than his share of the 20-plus he has in a game. Unlike Boston's center, Gregg Sheppard, who tries to unnervify face-off rivals with chatter ("Haven't scored a goal in a while, have you?"), Jarvis remains silent, a model of concentration and anticipation. The puck drops, the sticks clash and, voilà, Montreal wins another face-off.

**CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARDS** BOSTON'S TERRY O'REILLY—In guiding his club to the NHL's second-best record, Bruin Coach Don Cherry ran what he gleefully called "a sweatshop." Nobody sweated more than Joseph James Terence O'Reilly. Never one for fancy moves, O'Reilly barreled his way to a career-high 29 goals. But, as always, the 6'1", 200-pound winger played his best hockey

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### HOCKEY SPECIALISTS continued

ey in the corners, banging, digging and otherwise making his presence felt. He has a special knack for kicking the puck loose, a talent he attributes to his experience as a high school soccer player in Ontario. O'Reilly often handles two opponents on the boards at once, which, as he notes, "leaves a teammate open for a pass." This season he got off quite a few such passes, leading to goals for the Bruins—and assists for himself. Thus, the rugged O'Reilly achieved an improbable double, setting a club record for penalty minutes (211) while also leading the Bruins in points (90). Bobby Orr, for one, thinks O'Reilly should be the league's MVP this season.

Surprise! Montreal won only two of the seven categories. Still, there is little cause for jubilation among the opposi-

specialists. Name your weapon, and they will slay you with it.

Which brings up the question of whether anybody can hope to beat them. Montreal had a routinely spectacular regular-season record of 59-10-11 but lost three of five games to Buffalo, the only team that can skate with the Canadiens. The Sabres found a sneaky way of failing at least one of the Canadiens' specialists. That was Gainey, who generally kept busy against Buffalo, watching either Danny Gare or Rene Robert, the Sabres' top right wings. While that was happening, another Buffalo right wing, Gary McAdam, was scoring a total of four goals and assisting on two others against Montreal—including the winning goal in two of the Sabres' victories. Perhaps because his accomplishments occurred over



Boston's O'Reilly has vigorous board meetings.

tion. The Canadiens have Gainey and Jarvis and they also come frighteningly close to the best in every other specialty. Montreal's Yvon Lambert does a pretty fair imitation of Dornhoefer in the crease, and Lambert, Doug Risebrough, Mario Tremblay and Gainey will go into the corners with anybody. And when fists fly, the Canadiens can count on all sorts of bruisers, including 6' 7" Gilles Lupien, a rookie defenseman known in the minors as The Towering Inferno. The Canadiens, in other words, have stars and

the space of three months, the Canadiens never quite seemed to get the message that it was McAdam—not Robert or Gare—who had the hot hand.

Gainey implies things will be different in the playoffs. "You don't see teams often enough in the regular season," he acknowledges. "During the playoffs you study them and get scouting reports. You could be against the same team seven times in 10 days. They get to know you and you get to know them. That's when it gets interesting."

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# Mickey's new waist pitch

*Bulgier than ever, Mickey Lolich returned from retirement and won the opener for the Padres*

**R**otund comedian Jackie Gleason threw out the first ball last Friday at Candlestick Park for the San Francisco Giants' season opener against San Diego. Gleason was the oldest and fattest pitcher of the afternoon, but not by much. The Padres' Gaylord Perry, 39 and chubby, pitched well for six innings, whiffing eight and hiking his career strikeout total to 2,855, which tied him with Jim Bunning for third on the all-time list.

And the winner for San Diego was 37-year-old Mickey Lolich, who has such an ample belly that he would look more at home in an untucked-in bowling shirt with SAM'S GARAGE written across the back. More surprising than the fact that Lolich can pitch effectively despite his girth and age is that he can do it despite having been out of baseball for a year. At this time last season Lolich was playing slow-pitch softball for the VFW post in Romeo, Mich.

At least he was pitching for the VFW, right?

"You kiddin'?" he says. "In slow-pitch softball you let 'em hit it, and all my life, man, I've been trying to make 'em miss it. I played first base so I could talk to everybody who went by."

Now Lolich is back, trying to make them miss again, which he did so uncommonly well for 13 seasons with the Detroit Tigers and one with the New York Mets. Twice he has been a 20-game winner. Five times he has struck out more than 225 batters in a season, and he has more strikeouts than any left-hander in history. Never, though, has Lolich been asked to do commercials for the President's Council on Physical Fitness.

In 1976 Lolich was no world beater for the Mets, completing five games in 30 starts and finishing with an 8-13 record. Not atrocious—he had a 3.22



*Strictly a starter for the Tigers and Mets, Lolich will be used in short relief by San Diego*

ERA—but certainly nothing to write home about for a man who has 41 career shutouts and the third most wins among active pitchers (trailing only Perry and Philadelphia's Jim Kaat). So he retired to play softball and work as a salesman for an advertising company.

Then in January, San Diego General Manager Bob Fontaine met in Los Angeles with lawyer Bob Fenton, who represents Padre Pitcher Bob Ojchinko and, it happens, Lolich. Fontaine remembered that the Mets had formally released Lolich after he retired and asked if he could still pitch.

Lolich reconstructs the maneuvering: "My attorney says, 'Well, he sure can pitch.' That's a natural answer. About three days later Fontaine calls him back and says, 'Hey, I've been thinking about it. Can he pitch?' And my attorney says, 'I think I better call him and find out.'"

"So he calls me and says, 'Do you think you can still pitch?' I say, 'Why, what softball team wants me?' I wasn't sure, you know. He says, 'No, the Padres are talking about bringing you back. . . . I say, 'Sure, I can still pitch.'"

"He says, 'O.K.' So he calls Fontaine back and they get together, and the next

thing I know I'm in Yuma, Arizona for spring training. That's about how it all happened."

Fontaine knew that Lolich had always been a starter, but he wanted Lolich as a short reliever. He was pleased when Lolich also suggested that role himself. Still, there was the question of Lolich's ability to come back from retirement. Nobody in the Padre organization could remember a pitcher staying out a season and then making a successful comeback. Bob Feller and others had returned after World War II, but they were much younger than Lolich.

Lolich started slowly in spring training—some batting practice, an inning here, an inning there. "We were a little concerned about Mickey early," says Roger Craig, who was the pitching coach when Lolich came to the Padres but became the manager on March 21 after Alvin Dark was fired. "He wasn't really poppin' the ball like we thought he could. But things were different the last four or five times he worked. I don't know if he ever threw the ball better than he's throwing it right now."

General Manager Fontaine was never worried, or so he claims now. "Lolich is

*continued*

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**BASEBALL** continued

an amazing guy because he threw strikes from the first day," says Fontaine. "He walked in and he threw hitting practice the first day like he'd never been away. I am surprised he came back as quick as he did. I thought it might take a minute longer.

"He's got a very basic delivery and everything is on the plate. You'll notice there are no pauses in his delivery. He's always had a 'free arm,' and as soon as you saw that the arm was still free, you knew he could throw."

Lolich worked 8½ innings in spring training and gave up two hits and no runs. He then signed a Padre contract and joined Rolfe Fingers and Dan Spillner in what could become a formidable bullpen. Lolich soon will bring one of his motorcycles to San Diego, which should provide a startling contrast in the players' parking lot to the white Rolls-Royce of Leftfielder Oscar Gamble.

"Lolich has got the kind of arm that can relieve," says Craig. "It doesn't bother him to pitch maybe four days a week or every other day. Most relief pitchers—a guy like Fingers, for instance—can pitch three days in a row and then maybe take a day off and pitch again. That's the kind of arm Mickey's got."

"But if some of my young pitchers fall by the wayside, then Mickey'll be starting, too. As a starter he had the good arm and the endurance and stamina to pitch nine innings. He's got a lot of complete ball games.

"Two years ago I tried to get our club to acquire him because I thought he could help us. I've always liked and admired him, and I know that the guy can still pitch because in his last year, with the Mets, he threw the ball real well. It doesn't take a genius to know that he's a great pitcher. I think he's going to be a big help to us."

While saying those complimentary things about Lolich, Craig was relaxing in the visitors' dugout at Candlestick, seemingly unconcerned about his imminent major league managerial debut. It also did not seem to bother him that he was counting on aging pitchers to start and relieve, that he had just taken the unusual step of naming a 26-year-old outfielder, Dave Winfield, as his team captain and that his infield of First Baseman Gene Richards, Second Baseman Derrel Thomas, Third Baseman Bill Almon and Shortstop Ozzie Smith was probably the least experienced this side of the Connie

continued

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Mack League. Only Thomas was at a position he had played in the majors for any length of time. And in April of last year rookie Smith was performing for Cal Poly of San Luis Obispo.

Perry was making his first start against his old team, the Giants, who traded him to Cleveland in 1971, but the only man in the lineup he recognized was Willie McCovey, who is even older than he is. Perry was trailing 2-0 when he was replaced by a pinch hitter in the seventh.

In came roly-poly Lolich, whose last relief appearance was two years ago, for one game, and before that, eight years ago, for one game. Jack Clark flew out to center, Terry Whitfield struck out, and Marc Hill grounded out to shortstop. Never mind that Lolich in his yellow-and-brown Padre uniform looked a bit like one of Candlestick Park's juicy Polish sausages slathered with mustard. He had just won the game by throwing only six pitches, because the Padres scored the go-ahead run in the top of the eighth. Fingers came in to stop the Giants during the last two innings and San Diego prevailed 3-2.

Did old man Lolich remember his last win?

"Yeah," he said, "I beat the Cardinals in St. Louis for the Mets back in 1976. I had to pitch nine in those days. I think I've found an easier way to do it now."

Lolich declined to head directly for the showers after his short stint, explaining to Craig that he had to wait to grab the game ball. He said he had game balls from every one of his previous 215 major league victories. Whereupon Craig laid claim to the ball, as a souvenir of his winning debut as a manager. A mock debate followed, ending only when Coach Whitey Wietelmann volunteered to saw the ball in half and make plaques for both Lolich and Craig.

Craig was obviously and understandably tickled about having been able to use 40 seasons' and 536 wins' worth of pitching experience against the Giants.

"Well, we just had our oldtimers' game today," said Lolich, sitting in the locker room with a large ice pack strapped to his left shoulder. "I never thought I'd ever play baseball again. You know, when I retired, I retired. I was dead set on that."

If Lolich relieving Perry becomes a regular thing, it will prove that the belly series is not just a football term.

## THE WEEK

(April 5-8)

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

**AL WEST** Instead of the season opener being in Cincinnati, as it had been for years, it was held indoors in Seattle. And at night. The distinction of hosting the league's first game—in this case it was the majors' opener, too—was the Mariners' for asking when they joined the league last season. It will apparently be theirs for years to come, if no other team squawks.

Impervious to the hail, thunder and lightning that descended upon those who were outdoors in Seattle, the Mariners stormed past the Twins 3-2 in the Kingdom. Glenn Abbert picked up the win and Shortstop Craig Reynolds hit a two-run homer.

Seattle (2-2) also got fine pitching from three 23-year-olds who have dubbed themselves the Three Stooges: Steve Burke (who wears uniform No. 39), Rick Honeycutt (No. 40) and Shane Rawley (No. 41). Honeycutt and Enrique Romo combined on a four-hitter and trimmed the Twins 6-3.

Between those two defenses, Minnesota (2-2) beat the Mariners 5-4, despite nifty relief work by Rawley (no runs in four innings) and Burke (one run in 3½ innings). Minnesota rookie Roger Erickson, 21, who has a collection of 1,500 comic books ("Almost all the Marvel comics," he says proudly), was, in his own way, a marvel. Erickson, a non-roster invitee to the Twins' spring camp, gave up five hits in 6½ innings and won his debut. Minnesota finished the week with an 8-2 victory over the Mariners. Paul Thormodsgard pitched a three-hitter to get the win.

Atop the West was Chicago (2-0), the winner of two improbable 6-5 encounters with Boston. In the first game the White Sox went into the ninth trailing 5-4. Ron Blomberg, hit of the Yankees, ended 2½ years of "jumper depression" by belting a game-tying homer. And then Chet Lemon singled and came home on a bloop double by Wayne Nordhagen, much to the delight of a Comiskey Park day-game record crowd of 50,754. Chicago was behind 5-2 in the eighth of the next game, but Lemon tied the score with a two-out, two-run double and scored on a single by Eric Soderholm.

Shortstop Mario Guerrero, the player to be named later in the deal that sent Vida Blue to the Giants, joined the A's (1-1) on Friday. Guerrero, a former Angel with only two homers in 1,204 at bats, unloaded a three-run shot in the eighth inning on Saturday for a 4-2 win over California (1-1). Nolan Ryan staved for the Angels but was yanked with a 2-0 lead after six innings, 123 pitches and 13 strikeouts. In the opener between Oakland and California, Frank Tanana of the An-

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gels beat the A's 1-0 with a six-hitter. Texas owner Brad Corbett, who spent tons of money during the off-season signing new players, got an early dividend as the Rangers (1-0) joined the Yankees 2-1. Going all the way was ex-Met Jon Matlack. And driving in both Texas runs was Richie Zisk, formerly of the White Sox. Zisk, who batted only 138 in spring training, had three hits, including a decisive home run at the bottom of the ninth.

Kansas City's only game, an 8-5 loss in Cleveland, drew the ire of Royal fans, who decried last week's trading of John Mayberry to Toronto. With Mayberry not around to snag errant throws to first base, two infielders were charged with errors on tosses that got past rookie Clint Hurdle.

CHS 2-0 TEX 1-0 SEA 2-2 MINN 2-2  
GAL 1-1 OAK 1-1 KC 0-1

**AL EAST** Now here were the vagaries of spring more evident than in Milwaukee (2-0), where there was consternation when 22-year-old Shortstop Robin Yount expressed a sudden interest in quitting baseball to become a pro golfer. Yount was put on the disabled list to mull

over that choice while his sore foot and elbow healed. Taking over for Yount was Paul Molitor, 21, whose professional experience consisted of 64 games at Burlington, Iowa last season. Molitor, who batted .346 in the minors, alleviated the fears of Brewer fans with four hits (one a homer) and six RBIs in his first two games as Milwaukee drubbed Baltimore 11-3 and 16-3. Larry Hise, the \$3.1 million outfielder Milwaukee picked up from Minnesota, homered in each game, and the Brewers also got grand slams from Sixto Lezcano and Goeman Thomas.

Cleveland (1-0) held off Kansas City 8-5, amid the cheers of 52,433 hometown rooters. Three homers put the Indians on top, and Mike Paxton kept them there with three innings of hitless relief.

For Boston (0-2) there was no relief, as Red Sox relievers blew leads during two setbacks in Chicago by yielding 10 hits and six runs in 3½ innings.

The Yankees (0-1) were not as concerned about their 2-1 defeat in Texas as about Catcher Thurman Munson's aching right knee, which limited him to being a DH.

Detroit's opener was delayed a day by rain, but the 52,528 fans at the first game got what

they wanted, a 6-2 win over Toronto and a typically theatrical effort by Mark (The Bird) Fidrych. In his first start since injuring his shoulder last July, Fidrych yelled at himself on the field, smoothed out the mound, colluded with a teammate on one play and with a Blue Jay on another and chased down four hot-dog wrappers that swirled around the infield in the ninth inning. The Tigers (1-1) then lost 5-2 to the Blue Jays (1-1).

ML 2-0 CLEV 1-0 DET 1-1 TOR 1-1  
NYG 1-0 BOS 0-2 BAL 0-2

**NL WEST** The Reds were not about to let a little adversity spoil their opener against the Astros. So what if rain caused three delays totaling 102 minutes? So what if Tom Seaver gave up a home run to the first batter he faced (Houston's Terry Puhl, who was homerless in 229 times up last season)? So what if Seaver was knocked out after going only three-plus innings and allowing five runs? So what if 11 Reds fanned? So what if the Astros pulled off a triple play? Flocking aside those aggravations, Cincinnati won 11-9. Among the Reds' 16 hits were three by Joe Morgan—a pair of

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two-run doubles and a homer Cincinnati (3-0) added two more wins over Houston (0-3). Former Cub Bill Bonham won 5-4, and then Fred Norman and Doug Barr teamed upon a four-hit, 2-1 victory.

"Aliens from outer space" were invited to Atlanta's opener by The Atlanta Radio Club. They declined to attend. Showing up, though, were 42,866 fans, buoyed by one of spring's annual privileges: optimism. Their hope that the Braves would not be as inept as last season was strengthened by three homers in the first three innings. But from then on the show belonged to the Dodgers, who won 13-4. Spurring Los Angeles on were Davey Lopes, who stole three bases and drove in four runs, and Rick Monday, who showed he has recuperated from last year's back ailment by getting a homer and four RBIs. Next time out the Braves (0-2) lost 6-2 to the Dodgers (2-0).

Before San Diego's opener, new Manager Roger Craig named Dave Winfield the Padres' first captain. Winfield responded with a single, double and homer in a 3-2 win in San Francisco.

The Giants earned a split of their two games against San Diego with a 6-0 triumph in which two players who did not expect to

be around excelled. Jim Barr felt he would be traded but was kept and became a starter because of Vida Blue's late arrival and an injury to Ed Hulicki. Barr responded to his unexpected opportunity by throwing a seven-hit shutout. Rob Andrews, who expected to be the player to be named later in the Blue deal, remained with the Giants (Mano Geronero went to the A's), played second base and slammed a three-run triple.

CIN 3-0 LA 2-0 SD 1-1  
SF 1-1 ATL 0-2 HO 0-3

**NL EAST** New York and Pittsburgh, which had the worst spring records among National League teams, were the only unbeaten clubs in the East. Jerry Koosman of the Mets (2-0), who dropped his final nine decisions and lost 20 games in 1977, stymied the Expos 3-1. And then the Mets, who hit fewer homers than any team in the majors last season (88), slugged three as they defeated Montreal (0-2) 6-5 on a two-out, two-run pinch homer in the bottom of the ninth by Ed Kranzpool.

Pittsburgh, which lost sluggers Richie Zisk, Al Oliver and Richie Hebner to trades and

free agency during the past two years, was out-hit 15-7 by the Cubs, but used tight pitching and resourcefulness to win twice. John Candelaria won the opener 4-0, with the Pirates' only run being set up by Bill Robinson's hard slide into second base that broke up a certain inning-ending double play. The next day Bert Blyleven's burn was turned into a four-base, two-run error by Chicago, and the Bucs won 4-3 in the 10th when the Cubs' usually redoubtable reliever, Bruce Sutter, gave up a double, an intentional walk and two very unintentional bases on balls.

As advertised, Helicopter Man dropped the first ball from about 120 feet in the air to Philie Catcher Barry Foote at Veterans Stadium. However, Cy Young Award winner Steve Carlton did not live up to his billing, twice failing to cover first base and giving up 10 hits in four innings as the Cardinals took the opener 5-1 behind Bob Forsch. Larry Christenson of the Phillies (1-1) then beat the Cardinals (1-1) 7-0, matching his shutout paching with some standout hitting. Christenson had a single, homer and four RBIs.

PIT 2-0 NY 2-0 STL 1-1  
PHI 1-1 MON 0-2 CHC 0-2

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## A runner for the roses

*Allen Jerkens may have a sleeper in unbeaten Sensitive Prince, the speed horse whose Derby-winning daddy also supposedly was unable to go the distance*

**A**round thoroughbred tracks, trainer Allen Jerkens has a nickname: the Genius. He is 100% embarrassed by it, but he deserves it. No man in racing has a better reputation for being able to persuade horses to run faster than they can, no man has won more big races with horses given less chance. An admiring Billy Turner, who trained Seattle Slew, says, "Allen has made great horses out of ones that shouldn't have been. I mean, horses that are bred to do nothing do everything when Jerkens gets 'em."

Now, suddenly, the 49-year-old Jerkens, who has been making do with doing nothing horses for 28 years, finds himself with his first full-blown Kentucky Derby contender. In fact, Jerkens not only is considered a factor in next month's Derby, but he may be the pivotal factor. He is the trainer of an undefeated (five wins) and somewhat mysterious colt named Sensitive Prince. Just when race fans were getting used to the idea that this year's Derby would run the

gamut from A (Alydar and Affirmed) to B (Believe It), up jumps S—which could stand for Surprise.

There are doubters, however, who wonder if the bay colt can handle the Derby's mile and a quarter. But Jerkens-trained horses just can. "He's built and bred for distance, and he'll be trained for it," says Jerkens. Each of Sensitive Prince's five races has been longer than the last, up to a mile and a sixteenth, so he's budding. But speed still counts and the Prince's (he has set one track record, tied another) is unquestionable. His sire, 1969 Derby winner Majestic Prince, prompted the same skepticism about his staying ability before he won the roses. Another question centers on Sensitive Prince's health. He had sore shins last year but daily 20-minute ice-water baths and liniment rubs seem to help.

The Prince is highly regarded in Derby figuring partly because Believe It seems to be faltering, having been defeated by Alydar in the Florida Derby and by the Prince, who had an eight-pound weight advantage, in the Fountain of Youth. But is it the colt who is highly regarded as a Derby prospect or is it Jerkens? Turner says, "Let's face it. If it weren't for Allen Jerkens, everyone would consider Sensitive Prince just another short horse that would wear down."

Rick Waldman, assistant to the general manager of the Fasig-Tipton Co., thoroughbred auctioneers, says of Jerkens, "He gets speed horses, then somehow stretches them out so they beat the others on the lead. He just gets a horse loving to run." Twice in 1973 Jerkens saddled horses that beat Secretariat: Onion did it in the Whitney Stakes in August, and Prove Out, at 16 to 1 the longest shot in the race, beat Secretariat the next month in the Woodward.

Sensitive Prince is owned by Joe Taub, owner of Cinzano, one of the horses in-

cluded in the still-simmering Belmont ringer case. Taub has not been charged with any wrongdoing, and he says, "My reputation stands by itself." Dr. Mark Gerard, the veterinarian who has been accused in the horse switch, helicoptered from Belmont to a New Jersey track last year to look at the Prince's shins. It was Gerard who recommended the colt rest after his only race as a 2-year-old. He did, on Gerard's Long Island farm. But Taub says Gerard has no ownership in Sensitive Prince.

Taub got into horses around the turn of the decade, when he retired, at age 40, from Automatic Data Processing, Inc., which he had helped found. But Taub wanted no publicity, and even now he declines to talk about the money and dealings involving Sensitive Prince. "If I had gotten him cheap, say for \$40,000, I'd say," says Taub, "and if I had paid a lot, like \$100,000, I'd say." In fact, Taub arranged for trainer Budd Lepman to buy yearlings for him at a 1971 Keeneland sale so his involvement with racing would not be publicized.

One of the three yearlings Lepman purchased was Sensitive Lady, for whom he paid \$40,000, a stiff price in view of the record of her sire, Sensitivator through 1977 he had produced 68 offspring that sold for an average of only \$8,976. To nobody's surprise, Sensitive Lady didn't win a race, but Lepman had insisted all along her potential was as a broodmare because of dam-side lineage. Sensitive Prince was her first foal.

Even now it's hard to evaluate the Prince. While Alydar and Affirmed have faced each other six times (Alydar has won two, Affirmed four), Sensitive Prince has never looked at either. He may meet Alydar if Jerkens and John Veitch, Alydar's trainer, go ahead with plans to race in the Blue Grass at Keeneland on April 27. But it's also true that Jerkens, who went to the Derby in 1975 with a colt, Round Stake, that probably didn't belong in the race, is not smitten with Derby fever. And while the feeling has grown that Jerkens does not especially care to race 3-year-olds, Kentucky Derby or no, Jerkens denies it. "It's just that the 3-year-old year is the hardest time of a horse's life," he explains. "He's still growing."

Billy Turner doesn't doubt Jerkens. "Allen is the kind of guy who will be the first to fold his tent if everything isn't right, wait, then beat them all later," **END**



*Jerkens has an extraordinary talent for getting the best from horses like his friend the Prince*



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With fists as menacing as his bald pate, middleweight Hagler has knocked out 33 opponents in 42 fights.

## A sinister reputation

*Lethander Marvin Hagler puts fighters into hospitals and managers into shock*

**A**fter having rendered Doug Denning almost senseless last Friday night, Marvin Hagler, a bare-skulled and brutish figure, pushed across the ring at the Olympic Auditorium in Los Angeles and began shouting down at Gil Clancy, who was at ringside working as a CBS-TV color commentator. Clancy also is manager of Rodrigo Valdes, the middleweight world champion. Hagler shouted, "I want Valdes bad. Real bad."

Clancy is seldom at a loss for words, but now, staring up at Hagler, he was mute. The Toy Bull can do that to the managers of other middleweights: Hagler, only 5' 9½" and 158½ pounds, seems to have muscles on his muscles. He is small but frightening, like a stick of dynamite. No wonder no one wants to mess with him.

At last, Clancy said, "Oh, yeah."

"That's more than we get out of most managers," said Pat Petronelli, one of Hagler's co-manager-trainers. "Usually when we challenge somebody, they just turn away without even granting. Guys run from Marvin so much they should be in track meets instead of fights."

"They're all a bunch of sissies," said Hagler.

Smart might be a better description. Hagler has a 39-2-1 record, with 33 knockouts, most recently Denning. And five of the victims went directly from Boston Garden, the Brockton, Mass. slugger's home arena, to Massachusetts General Hospital. A few others just went directly into retirement.

"He's retired more fighters than old age," says Pat Petronelli.

Hagler, 25, has been knocking people out of the picture since 1973, but only lately has his name begun to appear in the ratings. Last month Ring magazine listed him as the No. 1 challenger. The WBC has him No. 7, the WBA No. 9.

"Politics," growls Hagler, who has had to supplement his meager ring earnings with construction work. "There's a lot of politics in the WBA and the WBC. And fighting in Massachusetts hasn't helped any either. Name me one black fighter who ever made it big out of that state. There aren't any. Joe Frazier once told me I had three strikes against me: I'm a southpaw. I'm black. And I can punch. Maybe I should have been born a right-handed white sissy."

Hagler was born in a Newark, N.J. slum, the eldest child in a fatherless family of seven. Crime came as naturally to him as breathing. When he was 16, his mother decided to move the family to Brockton, where her sister lived. "At first Brockton was just like Newark," says Hagler, who dropped out of school in the ninth grade. "I was running a lot, stealing a little. There wasn't

much else to do. Then I thought about fighting. I tried one gym. Then I tried another."

The second gym belonged to the Petronelli brothers, Pat and Goode (pronounced Goody), two ex-fighters who grew up in Brockton with Rocky Marciano. After 40 amateur fights in the Navy, Goode turned pro. At the age of 23, in his 27th professional fight, he broke his right hand just below the wrist and was forced to retire. A year younger, Pat had 27 amateur fights. While both are Hagler's co-managers, Goode is his trainer, Pat is the assistant. Together they also own a construction company.

"Boxing is my game; I could never leave it," says Goode, who holds down still another job as the civilian chief recreation officer at South Weymouth Naval Station in Boston. "We grew up with Rocky. We were going to open a gym with him. When he went down in that plane crash we decided to do it on our own. Because I couldn't make it, my goal has been to develop a world champ. With Marvin I think I'm pretty close to that goal, and I'm damn proud."

Eight years ago Hagler walked into the Petronelli Gym over the Brockton Hardware and Supply Co. The room had two rings and a couple of punching bags. There was no room for anything else. After looking around, Hagler walked to a corner and simply sat down. He didn't say a word.

Noticing the youngster in the torn sneakers, Goode went over and asked him if he wanted to be a fighter.

"Yeah," said Hagler defiantly.

*continued*



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"I guess I can show you a few things," Goode said.

"Goode said I was a natural," Hagler says. "He taught me combinations, and I would go home and practice them in front of a mirror. A 'natural.' I guess he didn't know how much work I was doing by myself at home."

Within three years the strongboy southpaw was the AAU's national middleweight titleholder. He won the crown and a huge trophy the day before Mother's Day in 1973. He gave the trophy to his mother.

"I was invited to be on a United States team going to Russia," Hagler says. "But I was married and had my first son. I didn't need medals; I needed money."

No sooner had he turned pro and won his first six fights and the middleweight championship of New England than Hagler found that no one wanted to fight him. The word was out on the lefthander from Brockton, the one who hit like a small Marciano.

"We tried everything," says Pat Petronelli. "He even fought as a right-hander a couple of times. Nobody would fight us but ordinary kids. He was 15-0 and he couldn't get a bout. We'd wind up driving to Portland, Maine for \$200 fights. The odds were stacked against us."

Finally in March of 1976 Hagler got a break, although it hardly looked like it at the time. He lost a close 10-round decision to highly rated Willie Monroe, whom Joe Frazier was grooming for a shot at Carlos Monzon, then the world champion. Hagler had taken the fight with less than two weeks' notice.

"It was the best thing that ever happened to me," Hagler says. "It showed me how hard I had to train if I wanted to make it. And people started taking me seriously."

Thinking he should have had an easier time with Hagler, Monroe agreed to a rematch. That was a mistake. Hagler knocked him out in 12 rounds. Once

more, said Monroe. This time he went out in two.

At about that time, Rip Valenti, a 76-year-old Boston promoter, stepped into Hagler's career. He began paying top names to fight the Toy Bull. Valenti gave Mike Colbert \$17,500 to meet Hagler in Boston Garden last December. At the time Colbert was Ring's No. 1-ranked challenger. Hagler broke Colbert's jaw and stopped him in 12 rounds.

In February of this year, Valenti paid Kevin Finnegan, the former European champion, \$10,500 to fight Hagler in Boston. Stopped in eight rounds, Finnegan went to Massachusetts General Hospital, where they put 40 stitches in his face.

"Marvin gives the hospital a lot of business," Pat Petronelli says. "Colbert and Finnegan have gone. So have Monroe and Sugar Ray Seales. And he did a number on the jaw of another kid, but none of us can remember his name."

No matter, Valenti says the important thing is to keep the lefty busy. "He can't

continued



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**BOXING** continued

sit and wait for Valdes," Valentí says. "But it's tough. No one wants to fight him, so I have to overpay all those guys to go up against him. I take a loss on each fight, but I'm gambling I'll make it all back and more on a title fight. My plan is to stick with Marvin. He'll lick Valdes. I've offered Valdes serious money to fight him anywhere in the world."

But first there was the TV fight with Denning in Los Angeles. Hagler would earn \$7,500 for it, only the second time in his career he has made that much.

The evening before the fight, Hagler stretched out on his bed in a downtown hotel and said he had never become discouraged. Frustrated perhaps, but never discouraged. "The way I look at it," he said, "this is the big one I need. The TV exposure. That's the one thing I never had. Things are going to start happening now. I see a guy like Leon Spinks get a title shot after only seven fights, and I ask, why not me? But I've never taken any shortcuts. I'll fight anybody they put in front of me. Anybody. The one thing I'm not going to do is die in somebody's gym. I've seen it happen to other guys. Not me. I'm going to make it. I know it. I believe it." It was a little after 8 p.m. Within an hour Hagler would be sound asleep.

The next night Hagler took a big step toward making it. While still basically a southpaw, he has developed into a switch hitter. His style is punishing—and confusing, as one moment he leads from the left side, and the next he leads from the right, which he seems to prefer when he is fighting in tight. Despite his great strength, his punches are not explosive. He simply batters people into submission.

Denning, a tough kid out of Minneapolis with a 22-2 record, was game but no match for the Toy Bull. After the third round it was only a matter of time until Denning fell, which he did when Hagler connected with a right cross late in the eighth round. Up at the count of three, Denning was helpless, and Referee Larry Rosadilla called a halt with 38 seconds left in the round.

"Denning was smart, he was tough," Hagler said after the fight. "I didn't want to get careless with him. Not now. I like getting all this experience with these top guys. Every time I beat one I can taste the championship. I want Valdes. I told that to Clancy. He got a funny look on his face."

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Zoo (No. 8), touted as Pelli's successor, gave the Germans a bad time in a 1-0 win at Hamburg

## Getting up for the Cup

*Brazil undressed West Germany in what might have been a World Cup rehearsal*

It was more like a star-spangled first night than a dress rehearsal. The President of the Federal Republic was there. So was Chancellor Helmut Schmidt, with the cameras of 29 TV stations on him. And so were 61,500 less exalted West German soccer fans who filled Hamburg's Volksparkstadion to capacity one night last week. Bundled up in woolen scarves and caps of the Bundesrepublik's red, gold and black, they stomped and roared, "Deutschland! Deutschland!" as if that would take the nip off the freezing evening. Under the lights, the air was blue with smoke from the bratwurst stands. And for the fans' entertainment the loudspeakers blared a highly relevant song, "Buenos días, Argentina," went the chorus.

The miserable cold made it clear that this was the North German plan, where spring is a little late this year, but there

was hardly a soul in that Hamburg crowd who wasn't projecting his thoughts more than two months ahead, to a game that will take place in a gentler clime, 7,800 miles to the southwest. To the World Cup final, that is, at the River Plate Stadium in Buenos Aires on June 25, to a sporting event that in the eyes of much of the world transcends even the Olympics, that has a television audience sometimes put as low as a billion, sometimes as high as a billion and a half.

And if ever such an event could be said to have a dress rehearsal, this was it. West Germany, champions of the world since the '74 World Cup, against Brazil, three times the winner of that championship. In defiance of the realities, the match was labeled a "friendly" game. But in harder-headed terms, it was Brazil, the 7-to-2 favorite to make it into the Argentina final, vs. West Germany, the second choice at 4 to 1. The odds may be somewhat longer that both teams will make it to the final game—but no other combination seems as likely. Or at least that's the way it seemed when the referee's whistle started play Wednesday night.

It is a mistake, of course, to imagine that the whole of the 1978 World Cup takes place in Argentina between June 1 and 25. These will be the final rounds. The tournament, in fact, began in the

summer of 1976; 251 games, involving 104 national teams, already have been played. Not until the end of last year did 14 finalists emerge to join Argentina, which, as host nation, automatically qualified, and West Germany, also guaranteed a berth because it is the reigning champion. For countries from regions where soccer is a more recent phenomenon than it is in Europe and South America, qualification was often a prolonged undertaking. Iran, for example, had to play 12 games, traveling as far as South Korea, Hong Kong and Australia. Others, like seeded Holland, runner-up in the 1974 World Cup competition, played half that number.

On June 1, the 16 finalists will split into groups numbered 1 to 4, and each group will play a round-robin tournament of six games. The two leaders in each will advance to the second round, forming two new groups of four, labeled A and B. Once more there will be six round-robin games. From then on it will become simpler. The nations that finish second in Groups A and B will play off for the third and fourth places. And on June 25 the A and B winners will contend for 10 pounds of 18-carat gold, the World Cup of the Fédération de Internationale Football Association, perhaps the most coveted trophy in sport.

The complexities of the World Cup playoffs had been digested months before by the German fans assembled in Hamburg and by the tiny group of Brazilians who were on hand, bravely drumming out samba rhythms and flaunting their nation's flag in the bitter night air. The Brazilians might also have been reflecting ruefully that their team was at least getting a chance to acclimate itself to playing in the cold. The World Cup draw made in Buenos Aires last January placed Brazil in Group 3. The Brazilians' first-round matches against Austria, Spain and Sweden, none of them a pushover, will take place at the pleasant summer resort of Mar del Plata, about 250 miles south of Buenos Aires. But in June—midwinter in the Argentine—Mar del Plata is a town of chilly winds and frequent showers.

By contrast, the Germans look as if they are headed for an easy first-round ride in Group 2. To be sure, Poland, the

*continued*





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third-place finisher in the '74 World Cup, is in the same group, but so are Tunisia, a 1,000-to-1 shot, and Mexico at 100 to 1. With two teams from each group advancing, it does not seem possible that the champions will not progress. Moreover, apart from their opening game at Buenos Aires, the Germans will be playing at Cordoba where the temperate climate should suit them.

But their fans, even though they are among the most affluent in the world, will not have an easy time of it if they want to watch their team in Argentina. To begin with, there are no cheap air charters, because Argentine regulations prohibit them, and even on specially arranged flights all seats are full-fare.

Too, the Germans will have a difficult time finding a domestic flight between Buenos Aires and Cordoba. Officials and journalists have priority, and most fans will have to cover the nearly 500 miles that separate the two cities by time-consuming and tortuous bus or train journeys. Hotel prices in Buenos Aires have

generally doubled for the World Cup. The elegant Plaza, for instance, has upped a double room from \$57 to \$114 a night. Payment was demanded two months in advance—for a minimum stay of 30 days. Nor can fans pick and choose among matches: they buy a block of tickets, or they can forget it.

Such gouging might be enough to deter any soccer fan except perhaps a Scot. When Scotland qualified for the finals, one of the nation's papers crowed euphorically, "We're on our way to Rio!" Better advised geographically than that, two Scots last year set out for Buenos Aires on bicycles. Others, it is rumored, have joined the merchant marine, the word being that Liberian freighters calling at Dakar in West Africa for the South American run are chronically short of hands. Nobody who has encountered the demonic single-mindedness of the Scots when it comes to soccer disbelieves this story.

Scots, too, have a reputation for violence, but Cordoba, where they will

be lodged, is hardly the place for it. "We have General Menendez and the Third Army stationed here," a citizen said confidently last month. What he probably did not know was that a company that distills a domestic "Scotch" called Old Smuggler was proposing to dispense free samples of its product in a big first-night party for the visitors. The mind boggles. They will no doubt arrive singing the song that is currently No. 6 in the British hit parade. *Ally's Tartan Army.*

Ally is short for Alister McLeod, Scotland's manager, whose uncompromisingly physical team with brilliant attacking players like Andy Gray and Kenny Dalglish could do well if it is not unduly yellow-carded by zealous referees. Scotland will be in Group 4 with Holland, which may, or may not, have Johan Cruyff, star of the '74 Cup, on its side. He is currently playing in Spain, and there is a possibility that he will make a deal with the NASL Cosmos and perform in Argentina as well. Both Scotland and Holland

*continued*

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# LAS VEGAS

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should progress to the second round after their round-robin with Iran and Peru.

Group 1 is the hardest to assess; none of the teams is a powerhouse. Argentina could be the winner because it has the pronounced advantage of playing at home. It will oppose Italy, which lost to England 2-0 in the last qualifying game but got to the finals on goal difference; Hungary, which defeated Russia for a berth; and France, until last week considered an outsider worthy of the 25-to-1 odds quoted on it.

But four days before the great Hamburg dress rehearsal, the underrated French, with only five of their World Cup starters present for action, defeated Brazil 1-0 in the first game of the South Americans' European tour. So it was cold in Paris. So Brazil was jet-lagged. But the French still contained the great, if aging, Rivelino, the magnificent Striker Renaldo and above all Zico, hailed as the new Pelé.

It was no surprise, then, that in Hamburg the Brazilians, shivering in shirts with unfamiliar long sleeves, started out against West Germany with more than a touch of desperation in their play. But the Germans, plainly lacking the authority of '74 hero Franz Beckenbauer in midfield, were even more ragged. Passes went astray. Rainer Bonhof, normally sure and cool, had a very bad evening indeed against Zico, and the huge, flaxen-haired Defender Rolf Russman fared even more poorly. Klaus Fischer, whom the Germans call the *Stürmer-Star*, is the striker who has inherited the role of Gerd Müller, *Der Bomber* of the '74 Cup. This night Fischer was a dud as he foraged unsupported on the attack.

In the second half, Brazil took over the midfield and in the 76th minute a rebound was kicked in by João Nunes for an easy goal. The final score was 1-0. The German fans hurled cushions and whistled their defeated team off the field. "1-0, GUTE NACHT!" was the headline in *Bild* the next morning. The subsided *Die Welt* was frankly lugubrious. "The bottom is hit," it wrote. "What now?"

What now indeed? The World Cup of 1978, with its two giants failing in the space of a week, looks wide open. The darkest horses are probably Poland, France, Scotland and Argentina, the home team. One venturesome forecast: No European team has ever won the World Cup in South America, but this may be the year for it.

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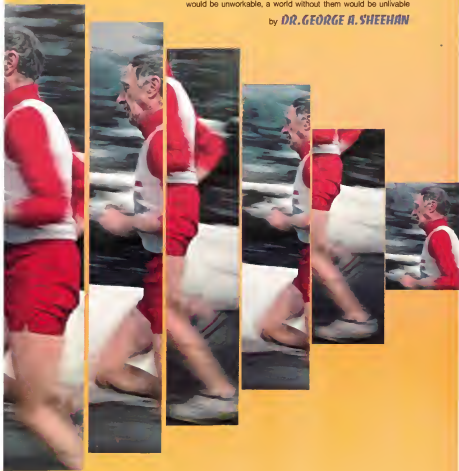
**ON  
THE RUN  
BUT  
IN NO  
HURRY**





Having arrived at 59, the author has determined, *a posteriori*, that people cannot run just one marathon, but must run them over and over—and, *a priori*, that while a world composed solely of runners would be unworkable, a world without them would be unlivable

by **DR. GEORGE A. SHEEHAN**



CONTINUED

## ON THE RUN

continued

**L**ater, after the hot tub had soaked some of the pain from my legs, I hobbled to the bed and stretched out, enjoying being horizontal. Downstairs, John, our No. 6 son, put it to the rest of the family watching the Lakers-Bucks game. "If he's going to feel that bad," he asked, "why does he do it?"

Upstairs, I was asking myself the same question. Why suffer this way? Why run marathons when nine out of 10 of them end in a contest, the human will trying to push the human body beyond endurance? This one, the Jersey Shore Marathon, had been no different. The first 10 miles to Sea Bright had been a lark. Moving steadily along the coast with a strong south wind at my back was a fine way to spend a Sunday morning in January. Past Sea Bright, I had even picked up my pace, still feeling good and full of running.

The first hint of disaster came at the turnaround in the Gateway National Recreation Area. The 15-mph wind,

hardly noticed when an ally, became a constant alien presence, reducing my speed and increasing my effort. It would give me no respite for the next two hours. Still, the legs felt fresh, the breathing good and the form under control. Sea Bright reappeared and disappeared in my wake.

Then, as quickly as it takes to write this, the cramps came. They started in both calves, then spread to the thighs, cutting my stride in half and making each step a painful decision. It was ridiculous. I told myself, to even think of finishing with seven miles to go. No one who knew how I felt right now could expect me to finish.

But I kept going, my progress getting slower and slower as I tested a variety of running forms that might permit movement without torture. Nothing helped, but the thought of quitting gradually receded from my mind. When the pain was particularly bad, I would breathe, "Oh, God"; more a statement than a prayer. And I took to counting my steps. Counting by ones seemed the highest mental activity I could



Despite the pressures of his work as a cardiologist, Sheehan insists on reserving an hour each day to fulfill himself through running.

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A miler in college, Sheehan had not competed for 20 years when he turned to running in middle age as a "wordless religion."

perform. It also reassured me that I was moving and would after 4,500, or thereabouts, steps arrive at Convention Hall in Asbury Park.

Somehow, in all this torment, Allenhurst came and went. Deal Lake appeared, then the Convention Hall and then three of the longest blocks in the world to the finish. Three hours and 45 minutes after it started in ecstasy, the agony ended.

The marathon, I thought, as I lay there feeling warmer and healthier by the minute, is just not my race. True, I had not trained adequately for this one. I had not run more than 10 miles in one stretch since April and the last Boston Marathon. It was foolish to expect a good race on that amount of work. In the old days, maybe, but now, with age coming on and desire dying, it might be best to let the marathon go.

There were times in the beginning when the marathon, any marathon, seemed an impossible dream. When any race of more than five miles was beyond my imagination. My goals were more modest (a five-minute mile) and practical (physical fitness).

Subtly, insidiously, running became much more. Became, as exercise did for Oliver Alden, George Santayana's Last Puritan, a necessity. "To go a single day without two hours

of rigorous outdoor exercise," wrote Santayana, "was now out of the question. It would have meant physical restlessness and discomfort indoors and the most horrible sensual moodiness in the inner man."

For Alden, the two hours of sculling or horseback riding brought him into genuine communication with nature, such as he never found in religion or poetry. And turned him for the moment, Santayana declared, into the gladdest, the most perfect and yet the most independent of people.

Couldn't that "escape, that wordless religion," be enough? Why get into 26-mile runs with the certainty of bone-weary fatigue and the possibility of the ignominy of walking to the finish line? Wasn't the marathon equivalent to Alden's Puritan Ethic, from which he escaped only when rowing on the Charles or galloping his horse on a brisk New England day? Another mindless duty, another needless challenge, another unwanted privilege? All demanding success and achievement?

Downstairs, on the tube, Kareem Abdul-Jabbar was not looking to escape. He was engaged in hand-to-hand combat and was revealing what Fordham Forward Charlie Yelverton once said was the principle of being an athlete—"the principle that makes you dig your guts out no matter what kind of game you're in."

*continued*

I still don't know. "You can very well afford to dangle about enjoying the fresh air and admiring the sunset," the captain of the Harvard crew had told Alden, "but we've got to train. We're not in the crew to have a good time, but to win the Yale race."

But perhaps you could have both. Perhaps what I needed was more marathons, not fewer. Needed the pain, the torture, the indescribable fatigue of a marathon in February and another in March. The Boston in April would then be a breeze, another of those daily afternoon runs when you know who you are and where you are going. And I would come to the finish as I would come to my back door, warm and relaxed, still strong and full from running, enjoying the fresh air and admiring the sunset.

Now, where was that entry blank?

I am a runner. Years ago that statement would have meant little more to me than an accidental choice of sport, a leisure-time activity selected for reasons as superficial as the activity itself.

Now I know better. The runner does not run because he is too slight for football or hasn't the ability to put a ball through a hoop or can't hit a curve ball. He runs because he has to. Because in being a runner, in moving through pain and fatigue and suffering, in imposing stress upon stress, in eliminating all but the necessities of life, he is fulfilling himself and becoming the person he is.

I have given up many things in this becoming process. None was a sacrifice. When something clearly became nonessential, there was no problem in doing without. And when something clearly became essential, there was no problem in accepting it and whatever went with it.

From the outside, this runner's world looks unnatural. The body punished, the appetites denied, the satisfactions delayed, the motivations that drive most men ignored. The truth is that the runner is not made for the things and people and institutions that surround him. To use Aldous Huxley's expression, his small guts and feeble muscles do not permit him to eat or fight his way through the ordinary rough-and-tumble.

That he is not made for the workaday world, that his essential nature and the law of his being are different from the ordinary and usual is difficult for everyone, including the runner, to comprehend. But once it is understood, the runner can surrender his self to this law, and become, in the Puritan sense, the "free man," the man who is attached only to the good.

In this surrender, the runner does not deny his body. He accepts it. He does not subdue it or subjugate it or mortify it. He perfects it, maximizes it, magnifies it. He does not suppress his instincts, he heeds them. And goes beyond this animal in him toward what Ortega called his veracity, his own truth.

The finished product is therefore a lifetime work. This giving up, this letting go, the detachment from attachments is an uneven process. You should give up only what no longer has any attraction to you, or what interferes with something greatly desired. That was Gandhi's rule. He advised people to keep doing whatever gave them inner help and comfort.

I have learned that also. Whatever I give up, whatever innocent indulgences, ordinary pleasures or extraordinary vices, I do so from inner compulsion, not in a mood of self-sacrifice or from a sense of duty. I am simply doing what comes naturally.

For the runner, less is better. The life that is his work of art is understated. His needs and wants are few. He can be captured in a few strokes. One friend, a few clothes, a meal now and then, some change in his pockets; and, for enjoyment, his thoughts and the elements.

And though he's on the run, he's in no hurry. Apparently concerned at times with 10ths of a second, he actually responds to an inner season, moving through cycle and cycle, toward less and less, until body and mind and soul fuse, and all is one.

I see this simplicity as my perfection. In the eyes of observers, however, it appears completely different. My success in removing myself from things and people, from ordinary ambition and desires, is seen as lack of caring, proof of uninvolvedness, and failure to contribute.

So be it. A larger view of the world might include the possibility that such people are necessary, that the runner who is burning with a tiny flame on some lonely road does somehow contribute. And while a world composed solely of runners would be unworkable, a world without them would be unlivable.

I am now 59 years old, which is an awkward age to define. At 59, I am no longer middle-aged. I have, after all, no 118-year-old elders among my acquaintances. Yet I could hardly be called elderly.

continued



Sheehan attends his toes with professional concern

This is part one of a two-part article excerpted from the book "Running and Being" by Dr. George A. Sheehan, to be published by Simon & Schuster, a division of Gulf & Western Corp.

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## ON THE RUN

continued

An awkward age, then, to define, but a delightful one to live. I am aging from the neck up—which means I am elderly enough to have attained a look of wisdom. I am middle-aged enough to have a body that allows me to do what I want, and a face that lets me get away with it.

You know that look. The hair is short and graying, the face just skin and bones, the general impression that of an ascetic who began the fight with the Devil in the Garden, decided it wasn't worth it and walked away. In my latest picture, in fact, I look a little like Teilhard de Chardin. The look of a man with ideas so heretical they bothered the Devil even more than they did the Pope. Preaching the perfectability of man might not get you banished from Rome, but it certainly would get you thrown out of Hell. And the look, too, of a man who forgave God, and then his fellowmen, and finally himself, and then was free.

Well, I am not yet old enough to look like that. But 59 leaves quite a bit of time to go. Years that could be as exciting as any that have gone before.

And what will always remain exciting is the race. At 59, I am the benchmark of performance for any number of runners. During my 15 years of running, I have consistently, year in and year out, been at the junction of the upper and middle thirds of those finishing a race. I have become the pass-fail mark for my fellow runners. If they beat me, they go home satisfied. If I beat them, they hope to do better next time. For my group, then, I am the top gun, the man they call out for a showdown.

I am no easy mark. I could give most readers of this, whatever their age, a five-minute head start and run them down in 20 or 30 minutes. I also have guts, which is simply the decision to stand pain.

Some think guts is sprinting at the end of a race. But guts is what got you there to begin with. Guts start back in the hills with six miles still to go and you're thinking of how you can get out of this race without anyone's noticing. Guts begin when you still have 40 minutes of torture left and you're already hurting more than you ever remember. Fortunately, guts seem to increase with age, rather than decrease. I may not want to wrestle with the Devil, but I am willing to wrestle with myself. And while I am beating myself, I usually beat others as well.



Newcomers are usually easy to handle, although I may have to pass them twice. The first time anyone is passed by someone my age, the natural reaction is disbelief and a sudden sprint to regain the lead. However, the next time I pass they usually give in, resigned to the fact that they are not yet ready to take the old man.

Some are injudicious enough to rile me up. One summer, I was passed at the halfway mark of a six-mile race by someone who said, "I've been waiting to do this for three years." I passed him back about a mile down the road and now he'll wait another three years before he gets near me again.

Of course, I have that same effect on others, although I never say anything to upset anyone. Last year, for instance, at Westport, in a 10-miler with about a mile to go, I closed in on a running friend, a 25-year-old whom I had never before been near in a race. With about 200 yards to go, there were only 15 yards and three runners between the two of us. As we entered the shopping plaza for the finish, the other three runners passed him and he did nothing. He was, as far as I could see, dead in the water. I cranked up, and with about 100 yards to go, I blew past him. It was early, but it seemed safe. Did I neglect to tell you I am also dumb?

I was about 10 yards ahead and apparently free when I heard this grunting, grunting animal coming up on me. He drew even and as I glanced over I could see him, wild-eyed, spittle all over his face, the picture of agony. Then he was gone.

Later he told me he had recognized the bald head and there was no way I was going to beat him.

So it is not age that is threatened by youth, but the other way around. Youth is threatened by age. From where I sit the 50s look great, and I suspect the 60s will be even better. I may not yet look like Teilhard, but there's always this: I will never again look like my high school picture.

Fifteen years ago, when I ran my first Boston Marathon, the race was little more than a club outing. We were 225 strong, but many of us were present only

because of a dare or as a joke. Some were overweight and out of shape, attired in gym suits and tennis clothes. Others wore sneakers instead of running shoes. And, I recall, either that year or the next, a runner who led me all the way to Framingham wore a derby.

That first year at Boston, I finished 96th in three hours and 10 minutes and because of this considered myself one of the top 100 marathoners in the country. Now, with nearly the same time, I am



*Jasper jersey is a souvenir from Manhattan College.*

not even in the top 5,000. Back then, there were about seven marathons a year; now there are more than 200. The Boston field has swelled to 4,000 and is kept manageable only by limiting entrants to those who have run a marathon under three hours the previous year. Women and men over 40 are required to do 3:30 or better.

Where have all these people come from, and why do they do it? How did this mania arise, and what keeps it multiplying?

I can only answer for myself, and even my answer changes from day to day. For today, for this day, I will tell you what I discovered in running. Then why I eventually came to run marathons. And finally, what the continuing fascination of the marathon is for us who run. Runners, you see, do not run one marathon. They run them again and again. They are much

like surfers seeking the perfect wave.

Why I began running is no longer important. It is enough that it generated a further desire to run. Then the running itself took over. Running became a self-renewing compulsion. The more I ran, the more I wanted to run.

One reason was the energy. "Become first a good animal," Emerson said. I did. I came to know my body and to enjoy it. Things that previously exhausted me were no longer an effort. Where once I fell asleep in front of the TV set, I was up roaming the house looking for things to do. I was living on a different level of performance.

Then I discovered, or rediscovered, play. Running, I found, was fun. Running became an hour of play and enjoyment away from my daily routine. And in that hour of play I discovered, or rediscovered, myself. Finally, after 45 years, I accepted the person I was.

It would seem that this should be enough—the fitness, the play, the self-acceptance. But it wasn't and never will be. I wanted to be challenged, wanted to be tested, wanted to find my limits and then surpass them. Merely running and enjoying and creating were not enough.

From here on, I think more of the answers will be found in the philosophy of William James than anywhere else. However I phrase it, it comes down to one of the Jamesian expressions: "The nobler thing tastes better. The strenuous life is the one we seek."

James is not a writer for those who would simply cope, for those who would groove through life. He believes in effort. He thinks the decisive thing about us is not intelligence, strength or wealth. Those are things we carry, he says. The real question he poses is what effort are we willing to make.

And that available effort is always, James keeps saying, much more than we suspect. We live far below the energy we have and therefore must learn how to tap these reservoirs of power. For this, he says, we need a "dynamogenic agent," a "moral equivalent of war." Like war, this would provide a theater of heroism, an arena where one could demonstrate courage and fortitude, a setting where one could be the best one would ever be.

*continued*

## ON THE RUN

continued

For me and others like me, that setting is the marathon. We are all there in the works of William James. He is the psychologist who tells us we can be more than we are. The philosopher who appeals to everyone who values his own experience. The thinker who saw happiness in the struggle and found the meaning of life in the marriage of some unhabitual idea with fidelity, courage and endurance. Which is as good a definition of a marathon as you are likely to find.

I tell you all this, and still you might not understand. What is so special, what is unique about this 26-mile, 385-yard distance? Why this and not some other race?

The answer is the wall, the physiological breaking point that comes at the 20-mile mark. Runners claim that at this point the marathon is only half over, that the last six miles are equivalent to the 20 that went before. It is nearer the truth to say that the 20-mile mark is where the marathon begins—there at the wall.

The miles that have gone before are just the foothills to this Everest. The wall is where the runner begins to come apart. Either in as short a time as it takes to write this sentence or slowly and inexorably, the final miles turn into a caldron of pain.

Any reasonably fit runner can go a 20-mile race. Were I to get up next Sunday and see in *The New York Times* that there was to be a 20-mile race in Central Park that day, I would be likely to pack my gear and go. But if that same morning I discovered there was a marathon in town, I would draw a bye. I would not be prepared to go that extra six miles, to handle the wall.

Exactly what happens there is not known, even to the experts. Is the exhaustion, the seeming impasse, a result of low blood sugar or lactic-acid accumulation? Is it the result, perhaps, of dehydration, or high body temperature? Is it the result of a loss of blood volume or, as many runners suspect, depletion of muscle glycogen?

No one seems quite sure. Whatever the reason, the runner's homeostasis, the equilibrium of his internal milieu, begins to break down. And the final six miles of the marathon must be accomplished in some way unexplained by medical sci-

ence. From the wall on, the runner goes it alone.

One exercise physiologist, Dr. David Costill, director of the Ball State University Human Performance Laboratory in Muncie, Ind., went out and ran the marathon as an experiment because he did not think the wall existed. When he came to that point, however, there it was. He said, "The sensations of exhaustion were unlike anything I had ever experienced. I could not run, walk or stand,



Sheehan has a quick brew in an Orlando, Fla. race.

and even found sitting a bit strenuous."

So there it is. It begins with running, then running further. Until one day you progress to where you want to be challenged by the marathon. And then you meet the wall. No matter how many times you attack it, you always think you can do better, find more energy, more fortitude, more courage, more endurance. You always think this time you will be the hero you were meant to be.

Fifteen years and 40 marathons later, that's the best explanation I know.

There is no easier running for me than the first few miles of the Boston Marathon. I come to that race at my peak. I am lean and fit and ready. And the excitement of the day lights a fire. So I am almost pure energy when the gun goes off at high noon on the Hopkinton Green.

The start is all laughter and talking and

wishing people well. The pace is a pleasure. Smooth and comfortable and little more than a trot. I move at a speed just above that of my warmup ("In the beginning always hold something back," Adolf Gruber, the Austrian Olympian, once told me). So these miles are like no others in any race.

Down the long hill out of Hopkinton and through Ashland and over the gentle slopes to Framingham, I coast along. The running is automatic. I feel nothing but the elation of being in this company. The miles pass as if I were watching them out of a train window.

But miles change, somewhere the holding back must end. I pass the 10-mile mark and enter Natick. The miles, although no longer effortless, still come easily. My style remains sure and smooth and economical. I increase my speed, but it is still well below the six-minute-mile pace of those cruel 10- and 12-milers in Central Park. I try for maximum efficiency. Careful to push off my toes and get those extra few inches per stride that make the difference in a three-hour run.

Soon I am at Wellesley, the halfway point. The miles again change. Now each mile is becoming hard work. Not disagreeable, but an exertion not previously felt. I am still surprisingly fresh and moving well. I am running in my best, better than

I have moved before or will move later. Still, the body is beginning to tell me this is no lark. No longer child's play. Not just a long run in the sun.

And then at the 17-mile mark come the Newton Hills, a two-mile stretch that includes the four hills making up the renowned Heartbreak Hill. I will take these on the grass behind the crowds that line the street.

The grass lessens the shock on my lower legs and thighs. And I shift to shorter steps as a cyclist pedaling uphill would shift to a lower gear to maintain the same work load.

Quite suddenly, what in the beginning seemed like something I would accomplish with ease and even distinction comes down to survival. A question of whether or not I can keep moving. These two short miles seem interminable. And then I am at the top of the hill, at Bos-

ton College, and it is, as the crowds in 1917, all downhill from there.

Downhill or not, we marathoners know that at Boston College the race is only half over. I am quite a different runner from the one who stood on the line at Hopkinton. The steady pace has used up my muscle glycogen, my precious fuel supply. The Newton Hills have built up my lactic acid and the heaviness in my muscles. The downhill in the earlier going have inserted ice picks in my thighs. My blood sugar is getting low. And although I have drunk everything in sight, I have not kept up with my fluid loss.

Descending the hill from Boston College, I feel these inner events for the first time. And I know again that the last six miles at Boston will be the worst six miles I will ever run. From now on, pain is a constant companion. The slightest down-grade is a torture to my thighs. My legs get heavier and heavier.

The same effort that made a romp of a seven-minute mile outside of Hopkinton barely gets me through a 10-minute mile on Commonwealth Avenue. I experiment with strides and body positions to see if there are any muscles still willing to respond.

By now I can see the Prudential Tower, and then come the unkindest miles of all. Miles where I must will every step toward a goal that never seems any nearer. I spend a mile in agony and bring that tower not one inch nearer. Minutes pass, but the Prudential and with it the finish and the relief from pain and any chance to get into a hot tub—seems just a mirage.

But somehow I reach Beacon Street and I know I have made it. Like a horse that smells the barn, I am suddenly refreshed. The last mile brings with it a joy, an elevation of the spirit that makes everything that went before worthwhile.

And worth doing again next year. One mile at a time.

Like most distance runners, I am still a child. And never more so than when I run. I take that play more seriously than anything else I do. And in that play I retire into the fantasy land of my imagination anytime I please.

Like most children, I think I control

my life, believe myself to be independent. I am certain I have been placed on this earth to enjoy myself. Like most children, I live in the best of all possible worlds, a world made for running and racing, where nothing but good can happen. And, like most children, I am oblivious to all of the work done by other people to make it that way.

This is more than faith. Faith is the Breton peasant praying for rain and then taking an umbrella with him when he



While lecturing, Sherban makes himself at home.

leaves the house. Faith is a nun friend of my grandmother's who periodically herded 30 to 40 orphans onto a train at Poughkeepsie and set out for Coney Island without a penny in her purse. "God will provide," was her motto. That's faith.

Faith is an act of the will made by an adult. The child acts before will and reason and dogma. He simply knows. And the child in me knows that I am in a game that always has a happy ending. That I can enjoy the anxiety leading up to the race, and the tremendous challenge in the running, and the sweetness or bitterness of the ending, knowing that, whatever happens, I am already a hero, a winner. Knowing that in the end, whatever the crisis, there will always be someone to take care of me.

I hadn't realized this (although it may well have been evident to my family and friends) until the 1976 Boston Marathon

The official temperature on Patriot's Day was 92°, a level listed as dangerous for livestock, and death-dealing to runners. Any thinking adult would have sat this one out. But there I was with nearly 2,000 others dressing at the Hopkinton High School gym.

Then, walking to the starting line, I saw a gasoline station with a thermometer on the wall. It read 116°. I passed by undeterred.

At the starting line there were hoses to fill our cups, to douse our heads and the caps and shirts we wore. The family of man was already operating. The people were already taking care of their children.

And that was the way it was. The whole thing was absurd. The race should have been postponed or set for later in the day. There was no way for a runner to go those 26 sun-baked miles to Boston without help. Yet I set out, knowing I would get whatever help I needed. Knowing I would survive.

For one thing, Boston Marathon crowds are special. I recall my first Boston and how astounded I was that people called me George all along the way. They stood in groups with one person picking the names out of the Globe so that when I got to them there would be cries of, "You can do it, George," or, "George, you're looking strong," or, in the late stages, "Keep it up, George, there's only three miles to go."

What that can do to a childlike runner, previously known only to his own family, is unbelievable. I felt capable of anything, even of completing the Boston Marathon.

In 1976 the crowd outdid itself. Within two miles we were running in the rain. It was 92° and the sky was cloudless, and we were running in a rain provided by hose after hose after hose. There was water everywhere. Mile upon mile of people and children offering water to drink and pour on me. Swarms of young boys giving out Gatorade, with the same enthusiasm they had shown an hour before while supplying the leaders. Others with buckets of ice. Some with the traditional orange slices, many of the children just holding out their hands to be touched by the heroes passing by.

From Ashland on there was nothing

continued

## ON THE RUN

continued

but applause and cheers. Then came the reception from the girls at Wellesley, and farther on the children in the Newton Hills outdoing each other to get us ice and water. And there I saw this solemn 4-year-old girl, just standing with a tiny cup, hoping someone would stop. I did and drank the two ounces and told her, "You're my honey." Boston is like that, a voice, a face, a child that you remember forever.

I was in Boston now and should have been home free. I wasn't. I was running a poor marathon, and when you run a poor marathon you not only hurt, you hurt longer. In all my years of running, I had never been out on the road longer. But through all the pain and not knowing whether I would finish, through the dragging out of those last terrible miles, I always felt safe, knowing I was surrounded by friends and family and those who would take care of me no matter what happened.

And knowing too, that if I stopped they would say, "You gave it your best, George." Knowing that whatever I did, I would not disappoint them. There would always be a meal and a soft bed and a good day of running tomorrow.

Only the child still lives in a world where such days are possible.

The morning after the 1977 marathon they gave me the business at Mori's Corner, a coffee shop in my hometown of Red Bank, N.J. "Why don't you write about the human-interest stories in the Boston Marathon," someone asked, "instead of a column that no one will understand, including yourself?"

It was a good question, but it held its own answer. Because there are two Boston Marathons. One is the outer event. The Boston of the sportswriters. The World Series of distance runners, attracting athletes and characters from all over the world. The Patriot's Day event, filled with funny and odd and touching happenings all the way from Hopkinton to Boston.

The other Boston is an inner event. It concerns itself with what these thousands of runners are looking for. The search, whether they know it or not, for their "true gravity." And that is already, as they say at Mori's, something no one understands, including myself.

I first learned of "true gravity" in a re-

markable book I had read before leaving for Boston, *Golf in the Kingdom*, by Michael Murphy. Shivas Irons, the golf professional who takes Murphy on this extraordinary golf round, is a disciple of Pythagoras and says we must know the world from the inside, that we can come to know the deeper structure of the universe only through our own body and senses and experience.

With a shillelagh and some primitive golf balls, Irons teaches Murphy to find his "inner body." To forget his images of disaster, the hook, the ever-present rough, the familiar curses and excuses. So that, in Murphy's words, he "played the remaining holes in this state of grace," and, as he put it, "those final holes played me."

Somewhere past Wellesley, the halfway point, I suddenly found that what Murphy had written had an equal application to running and especially to marathons.

This marathon had begun no differently from other Bostons. As usual, the weather was bad. The bright Hopkinton sun told of midday heat farther on. The course would run long and slow today. Nine Bostons had made me a realist. And a realist in a hot Boston will wear light clothes, and a handkerchief to shield his scalp from the sun. He will drink everything handed to him and pour what's left on his head. He will run well within himself for 17 miles, take the hills as best he can and let it all hang out in Boston.

That's the way it went. I started near the leaders (one year I stayed at the back and it took me more than a minute to get to the starting line after the gun went off), and at least 800 people passed me in the first 10 miles. My pace, however, was just right for me and I had survived an anxious moment in Natick at the first Gatorade station, which was empty when I got there. For a hundred yards the street was filled with discarded Gatorade cartons. I noticed an upright one and picked it up. It had some Gatorade left. So, stopping here and there and now and then, I left Natick almost fully revived.

By Wellesley I knew it was going to be a good one for me. Not in time, perhaps. The three-hour marathon would have to wait another year. But it would be good for this heat.

And then it happened. After nine agonizing Bostons, nine Patriot's Days of

worrying about pace and time and even finishing. I finally found, if only for a few miles, what running was all about.

People will tell you why they run. And the reasons will change from day to day, because it is like peeling an onion. They get down to deeper and deeper reasons but always fail to reach the essence of the running experience.

But now, heading out of Wellesley toward Newton Lower Falls and the beer drinkers at Mary's Bar, I suddenly found what must be the essence of running. I was thinking then of Murphy's golf game. I would, I said to myself, just concentrate on finding the perfect running form. I would find the pace at which I could run forever. Then let my inner body take over.

I ran then, oblivious of the other runners. Only half hearing a 9-year-old philosopher sitting on the curb who shouted, "Smile and it won't hurt as much." Still looking, of course, for every orange slice, every cup of water. Still touching the children's outstretched hands. But in a world of my own where my running became me. I have on occasion become lost in thought, oblivious of my surroundings but oblivious, too, of the running, so that I could not recall how I got to where I was. But this was different. I was entirely occupied with this magic thing I was doing. I was one with what I was doing.

Past Boston College and through Brookline I went, full of running. The course, as Murphy had said, was now running me. Three blocks to go and the crowds were building up to the 10,000 waiting at the Pru Center. Two blocks to go and there were my daughter and her college classmates giving me a reception even Ted Williams would have acknowledged.

It was too much. The day. The run. And now this. Suddenly I had the handkerchief off my head and I was twirling it in the air. I ran laughing past those girls waiting the finish line, still twirling the handkerchief like Zorba the Greek, telling those wonderful affectionate Bostonians that in some way I had found what running and the Boston Marathon were all about.

Mori. I'll have the coffee black and no chatter.

END

*Next week, Dr. Sheehan talks of the efficacy of dirty bags, foul groins and stinky feet.*



"There is nothing permanent except change."

Heraclitus

The Greek philosopher said it 2500 years ago. And all the changes since then have proved him right.

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**It's grueling.**

It's the Grand National Steeplechase from Aintree, England. One of the longest, most punishing horseraces in the world.

For horse and jockey, it's like a thirty inning baseball game. A twenty round prize fight. It requires heart, stamina and courage from both. It's the true test of champions, with the most hazardous fences and jumps in racing.

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Rider and horse must act as one... gliding up and over the jumps with the ease and grace of Pegasus. It appears almost effortless—the loping strides down the straight-aways... the leaps across the barriers. But years of training went into preparing for the race, learning to pace oneself to go the distance.

**It's grand.**

A staunch bastion of British tradition. Even today, amateurs and

pros may both enter... conjuring up images of Liz Taylor atop National Velvet driving to the finish. It's very English. Very country. Very very. Even the royal family makes an appearance—thus making it truly the sport of kings and queens.

On Sunday, April 16, we invite you to a day in the country, as NBC's SportsWorld presents the Grand National. It's a day at the races you'll not soon forget!

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The Grand National Steeplechase

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Major League Baseball  
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**Sunday, April 16**

SportsWorld  
Family Circle Cup Tennis

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# FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week April 3-9

**PRO BASKETBALL**—Denver's David Thompson was nifty but Detroit on the last day of the season, netting 73 points to equal the third-low single-point performance in NBA history. Mike Chamberlain posted record 73 points along with his record game of 100 and another of 78. Thompson scored 32 points in the second half, which may have been the shortest record in NBA history. A few hours later, San Antonio's George Gervin, playing in New Orleans, had 33 in the second game. He finished the first half with 53 points and the game with 63 to become the NBA's scoring champion with 2,212. But Thompson couldn't save the Nuggets, and Gervin couldn't help the Spurs. Denver lost to Detroit 119-137 and New Orleans defeated San Antonio 115-132. Atlanta, last in the Central Division a year ago and proud to finish in the same spot this season, has been one of the NBA's surprise teams all season. But the Hawks saved their biggest surprise for the live work when they qualified for the playoffs for the first time since 1977. By beating Buffalo 87-74, Atlanta eliminated New Orleans from playoff contention. Golden State, which was half a game behind Milwaukee, lost to Seattle 101-105 in the first game of the regular season, thereby resulting in the Bulls to grab the first playoff spot. Injury-plagued Portland 121-131 lost to Seattle 100-108. Houston 101-89 and Golden State 115-96, had come back to defeat Denver 87-62 and Los Angeles 114-99 to finish with the best record in the league. That means the Utah Blazers will have the home-court advantage throughout the playoffs. Boston was out of contention for anything. A 121-111 loss to Milwaukee was Boston's 19th of the season. And to make things even sadder in Boston, John Havlicek played his final game against Buffalo, ending his career with 29,000 performance. John Williamson became the first player to score 30 points at Indianapolis. Markie Sharp, Anne, as he led the Indy Pacers, to a 129-121 victory over his former Indiana teammates.

**BOWLING**—Winning his 12th PBA title, MARK BOTT defeated Carlos Santos, Havana, 10-7 in the final of the \$100,000 Greater Hartford Open. Bott is the PBA's leading money winner this year with \$72,390.

**BOXING**—Defending champion WILFREDO GOMEZ of Puerto Rico scored a technical knockout over Juan Ramirez Lopez of Mexico to retain the WBC super bantamweight title.

**GOLF**—GARY PLAYER won his third Masters Tournament with a 13-under birdie putt on the 72nd hole to tie the course record first round of 64 and an 11-under par 277. Hubert Green, Tom Watson and Rod Pampling tied for second at 274 (page 18).

**GYMNASTICS**—Led by Bart Conner and Mike Wilson, KALAHUMA edged Arizona State 439-392 to win the NCA title in Eugene. Ole Center was the individual overall champion.

**HOCKEY**—NHL: The New York Islanders dominated Philadelphia as champions of the Patrick Division and earned a bye in this week's opening round of Stanley Cup play-off by defeating the Rangers 3-2 on the neutral-ice game at Madison Square Garden. The Islanders delayed the end of their four-year division reign by tying the Islanders 3-3 and whipping the Rangers 3-0 in a game that was marred by a 20-minute brawl. Colorado won its first game, beating St. Louis 5-2, and then made the playoffs in the Smythe Division's No. 2 qualifier when Vancouver lost to Los Angeles 3-2 a few hours later. Montreal's Guy Lafleur scored two goals to end the season with a league-high 60 and his third straight scoring championship (112 points). Match ups for the first-of-their series in round one of the playoffs: Philadelphia vs. Colorado, Buffalo vs. Rangers, Toronto vs. Los Angeles, Atlanta vs. Detroit.

WHA: Winnipeg won the league title over New England and now moves Birmingham in the first round of the playoffs. Other playoff pairings include New England vs. Edmonton and Houston vs. Quebec.

**MOTOR SPORTS**—Looking for the final 51 laps, BENNY PARSONS' Chevrolet averaged 127.548 mph to win the \$165,000 Rebel 500 in Gainesville, Fla. Parsons finished 1.9 seconds ahead of Darrell Waltrip's Chevrolet.

**SOCCER**—Even without Pele, Sadio Mame and Tony Fadd, the defending champion Cosmos showed in three games that they are the team to beat in the North American Soccer League by defeating Fort Lauderdale 7-0. Steve Hiett scored three goals and assisted on two others. Orlando got an immediate boost from new coach Mame, who stepped in promptly last by San Jose's Ben Mee. During regulation time and had four more saves during the game-deciding third. Mame's Vikings allowed the Cosmos to beat the Earthquakes 1-0. San Diego needed shots by seven players during a shootout to defeat Rochester 1-0.

**SWIMMING**—TRACY CALLEKIN set American records in the 100- and 200-yard freestyle, the 400- and 100-yard individual medley and the 100-yard freestyle at the AAU Short Course Championships in Austin, Texas. With a 1:59.53 in the 200 IM, she became the first woman to cross that time in less than two minutes (page 27).

**TENNIS**—Top-seeded JIMMY CUNNINGHAM defeated Rod Rumbery 7-5, 7-5 to win his fifth tournament of the year, the \$175,000 World Championship in Roundham.

**TRACK & FIELD**—BENNY ROND of Kenya, a Washington State sophomore, set a world record of 13.64 for the 5,000 in a triangular meet in Berkeley, Calif. Rondo broke the record of 13.12 set by Dick Quorn of New Zealand last July.

**MILEPOSTS**—HIED: As basketball coach at Brown, JOE MULLANEY, 53. Currently coaching a professional team in Ljubljana, Italy, Mullaney was at Providence from 1953 to 1964, when the Friars were 271-94. He also coached in the NBA and ABA. As basketball coach at Purdue, LEE ROSE, 41, who had a 72-18 record during his three years at North Carolina-Charlotte. As basketball coach at Wyoming, JIM BRANDEMBERG, 42. Brandenberger's teams had a 70-6 record during his two years at Wyoming. As basketball coach at Auburn, PAUL LAMBERT, 45. In eight seasons at Southern Illinois, Lambert won 127 of 218 games. As basketball coach at Long Beach State, TEX WINTER, 54. Winter directed Northwest to a 42-81 record over the past five seasons. As basketball coach at Northwestern, RICH FALK, 51, an assistant coach for the Wildcats during the last six seasons.

**RESIGNED**—Chicago Bulls coach ED BADGER, 45, after two seasons and an 84-77 record.

**DIED**—Berkeley's third congressman, FORD C. PRICE, 83, in Bremerton, N.Y. He was congressman from 1951 to 1965 and before that president of the National League.

**DIED**—Hall of Fame thoroughbred trainer PRESTON M. BLICK, 93, in Middletown, Va. Born here, his great-grandfather was a famous horse breeder and trainer.

## CREDITS

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## WINNERS

Sir

I commend your restraint in not writing a story headlined *THE XIX XIX* now that the feared SJ whammy, which is supposed to make an instant loser of any team you celebrate, can officially be laid to rest. As far as I can figure, you—and you alone—boldly predicted the national championship triumphs of both Notre Dame (football) and Kentucky (basketball) during the current school year. In fact, only one of the other major national prognosticators—UPI, which selected the Irish and split its basketball votes between North Carolina and Kentucky—was even close. SJ tabbed the Tar Heels 10th, which is exactly where they ended up in the final UPI poll. Congratulations, and, jinx, RJP

DONALD J. MELLO  
Fall River, Mass.

## AHH &amp; GO.

Sir

UCLA certainly would not have won the 1978 AIAW basketball championship without Ann Meyers (No. 1 for the *Wizard of Westwood*, April 3). However, Bruce Newman's statement that she is "probably the best UCLA basketball player with a girl's name since Gail Goodrich" is questionable. Has he forgotten about Lynn Shockeyford, the soft-shooting forward who starred for the Bruins' NCAA championship teams from 1967 through 1969? Goodrich's last year was 1965.

Let's just agree that Meyers is the best female basketball player in the country and leave it at that.

TOM GORDIAN  
Bullock Island, Calif.

Sir

You stated that the AIAW final between UCLA and Maryland in Pauley Pavilion was played before the "largest crowd ever to see a women's championship game." I assume you mean that the 9,351 fans present for that game set a record on the intercollegiate level. The 1978 Indiana High School Athletic Association girls' basketball championship game drew a crowd of 13,000, and about 12,000 were in attendance for the semifinals. The championship was won by Warsaw High over Jac-Cen-Del High of Osgood.

RICK GRANGER  
Muncie, Ind.

## BEMAN'S DEFENSE

Sir

Your assertions regarding the \$100,000 Buck-Goodwrench Open in SCORECARD (March 20) could not be further from the truth. First, the tournament will be held concurrently with the U.S. Open on June 15-18.

Why? Because Jerry Rideout and the good people at Buck-Goodwrench have been longtime supporters of the PGA Tour. Since only about 80 regular PGA Tour members participate in the U.S. Open, we have an obligation to our 250 other members to provide a place for them to earn their living. By holding this event, the Buck people are putting themselves in a prime position should a regular PGA Tour date become available.

Second, your assertion that I am trying to undermine the "Big Four" (the Masters, U.S. Open, British Open and PGA Championship) is not correct. It is true that I have asked the USGA to exempt from local qualifying the top 125 players on our money list and to fully exempt all current tournament winners and the 60 biggest money winners. I feel strongly that the performance of these individuals on the PGA Tour is a better indicator of their skill than a one-day, 36-hole shoot-out that is sandwiched between regular PGA Tour events—in which they are trying to make their living—and occasional one- and two-day visits at home with their families. I can assure you with absolute certainty that if our requests to place more tour players in these events are granted, the events will be enhanced, because they will have more competitive fields. I hope you will agree that the essence of a championship is closely tied to the quality of the competition.

Holding a Designated Tournament following the British Open does nothing to undermine the Open; it only serves to bolster the heart of our summer schedule and preserve substantial prize money for our members. Our members have been willing to support this policy because it has been particularly helpful to one of our sponsors each year. Our own regulations specifically prevent the scheduling of a Designated Tournament before the Masters, U.S. Open, British Open or PGA Championship.

There exists a strong and traditional desire on our part to cooperate with everyone in this complex world of golf. Some of our requests and policies are directed at asking the people who control the traditional major tournaments to be part of the solution—not part of the problem.

DEANER BEMAN  
Commissioner  
PGA Tour  
Washington, D.C.

## TO CATCH A DEER

Sir

Being involved in both conservation and distance running, I was doubly moved by Michael Baughman's account of running down

a deer (*In Pursuit of an Ancient Pursuit*, April 3). Of all sports pitting man against a wild creature, this has to rank among the purest. No electronic gear to seek out the biggest baw. No powerful scope and high-velocity rifle to reach out and kill an animal hundreds of yards away. And perhaps best of all, no grunting hunter standing proudly over his kill.

Baughman made the challenge on the animal's terms. He matched the deer's cunning with his own and equalized the deer's speed with his stamina. Baughman's words clearly show the beauty and emotion of the experience. Maybe others will be motivated to spare the lives of their defeated quarry.

JAMES HARVEY ROWLAND JR.  
Sparks, Md.

Sir

The beauty of your magazine lies in its endless investigations into the infinite facets of sport. Michael Baughman's article on his deer chase captures the essence of sport.

JOHN R. MELISSANO  
Gainesville, Fla.

Sir

I nominate Michael Baughman for Sportsman of the Year and move that the nominations be closed. He didn't kill, maim or otherwise harm another creature, nor did he have any motive other than sport and the telling of a remarkable story.

MATTHEW E. JOHNSON  
Harrisonburg, Va.

Sir

Creating terror in the mind of an animal just for fun is never justified. Michael Baughman's account of running a deer to exhaustion glossed over the fact that the deer, assuming it would be killed if caught, was consumed with fear. Such a chase may be a challenge but it seems to lack compassion.

RIHANNY SCHAL  
Mattawan, Mich.

## DRIVERS AS ATHLETES

Sir

I feel compelled to respond to Dr. Glenn Dawson's comments that professional race car drivers are not athletes (*SCORECARD*, March 27). Dr. Dawson conducted tests on a random sampling of 10 NASCAR Grand National drivers and compared them to a cross section of the general public. We have conducted tests at the Indianapolis Motor Speedway, in conjunction with the United States Auto Club, on 67 drivers who attempted to qualify for last year's 500-mile race and uncovered the following data.

The average driver in the 500 has a reaction time approximately one-third quicker than that of the man on the street. He has a

continued





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### 19TH HOLE continued

serum cholesterol level of 190, which is less than the national average. His average blood pressure is 100/60, also less than the national average. His resting pulse rate is 62 beats per minute, 18 beats lower than the average. And his depth perception is 105% of normal.

In lieu of other statistics, which I have available on request, I direct your attention to Tom Saeva's recent performance in ABC's Superstars contest. He made the finals as a wild card while competing against "athletes" from all categories of sport.

STEPHEN E. OLVEY, M.D.  
Medical Director  
United States Auto Club  
Indianapolis

### HANDCUFFED

Sir:

In your April 3 SCORECARD item about Leon Spinks you referred to an AP photograph of Spinks handcuffed in a St. Louis police station. Spinks was arrested for driving without a license and driving the wrong way on a one-way street. You stated, "It is scandalous that police would handcuff someone arrested for a driving violation."

According to the FBI's Uniform Crime Reports for the years 1972-1976, 74 police officers were killed during traffic pursuits and stops, and another 25 were killed while handling and transporting persons arrested.

In our department, as in many departments across the country, it is standard procedure to handcuff all persons arrested.

WAYNE KRYNIOVICH  
Patrolman  
Maple Heights Police Department  
Maple Heights, Ohio

### TRAVELING TEAMS (CONT.)

Sir:

A Jan. 30 SCORECARD item and a recent letter (March 13) related long-distance travels by high school basketball teams. In 1974, while stationed with the U.S. Coast Guard in the Republic of Singapore, I was commissioner of the American community youth basketball program. That spring I took a 12-player team of 12-to-14-year-olds on a two-week trip from Singapore to Phoenix—a distance of 22,794 miles round trip—to compete in the Basketball Congress International boys' tournament. The trip cost under \$12,000 and was financed by contributions from business firms in Singapore. I'll bet this was the longest and perhaps most expensive journey for the purpose of playing in a basketball tournament in the history of the game. Incidentally, we lost both of our tournament games.

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